



No. 458.—VOL. XXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

REPRODUCED FROM A COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY W. NOTMAN AND SON, MONTREAL.

## HOME-COMING OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS.

## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Home-Coming of the Duke and Duchess—His Majesty's Health—The Memorial to Queen Victoria—Piccadilly—Prince Chun at Hong-Kong.*

I HAVE seen from the window of a Club in Piccadilly processions in which there was more Royal state than that in which the Duke and Duchess went from Victoria Station to Marlborough House; I have seen finer decorations, and more troops, and greater crowds; but I never remember an occasion on which Royalty seemed so thoroughly in touch with the people, the same simple, hearty, wholesome sentiment moving King and work-boy. When the *Ophir* swung round the Point at Portsmouth and the cheering crowds ceased their clamour to listen to the strains of "Home, sweet Home," which the band was playing, the note of the reception in England had been struck. It was not an occasion for extraordinary pomp: it was the return of two Princeely travellers to their country, to their parents, and to their own city, the vast labyrinth that catches the sound of the peal of Bow bells, and, as such a home-coming should be, it was homely, so far as Royal State could permit, and very hearty. The "Welcome" inscribed on the great banners stretched at intervals across the road was spoken by a myriad voices, and London, vastly pleased to have the Heir to the Throne once again safe in her midst, danced her flags under the red winter sun and flung to the grey sky a surge of cheers.

The decorations that I could see, looking up and down Piccadilly, could not be called splendid, and for the Coronation fêtes the great thorough fare must be dressed in some more worthy style. The red Venetian masts looked short and frail, and the strings of pennons were common and skimpy. Red cloth with yellow fringe was the draping that most of the Clubs had hung out, but it was not in sufficient quantity to give any broad general effect. The looped tricoloured streamers and great basket of flowers wound about with red, white, and blue of one Club, and the white and gold of another, were, I thought, the most effective decorations I saw on this part of the route. St. James's Street, which I saw after the procession had passed, was infinitely the best-decorated portion of the route, the great crossed garlands of artificial flowers being very effective. The Duke seemed to me to look rather worn, as well he might be after such long journeys by land and sea, but the Duchess was in radiant health and spirits. The Queen looked supremely beautiful, and the King looked splendidly well and thoroughly happy.

The rumours as to the King's health being at the present time not of the best have, most fortunately, been proved by medical testimony to be utterly untrue, and such gentlemen near His Majesty's person whom I have met and talked to lately all agree that he never was in better health or better spirits. The attack of lumbago which made itself felt during the King's stay at Balmoral was caused, I believe, by the unheroic fact that His Majesty put on a kilt, a garment he had not donned for many months.

The accepted design of the Memorial to the late Queen, which is pictured on page 89 of this issue, has been very generally approved of in Clubland, and I have no doubt that, now that Clubmen have seen the model and design of the Memorial they are being asked to subscribe to, the guineas will be sent to the Mansion House in greater numbers than heretofore. Buckingham Palace, though not in itself a beautiful edifice, will make a good background for Mr. Brock's pile of statuary and the light colonnade with its semi-circular sweep that will be seen immediately behind it. The new road that is to be cut from Charing Cross into the Mall will indirectly benefit Clubland, for it will give a pleasant alternative route to men going Eastwards, and of its advantages I have heard but one opinion. This is not the case with the proposed widening of Piccadilly, as to which there are two very decided opinions in the Clubs in that fine thoroughfare. Some men are all in favour of the "splendid boulevard," with its tree-shaded pavement on the far side; others hold that the street will become "a stony waste," and that the greensward and trees of the Park, which are now almost under the Club windows, will be moved back an indefinite distance. Clubmen are not, as a rule, mathematicians, but the problem of the bottle and its neck, the speed at which carriages can be passed through the straits at Hamilton Place and by Devonshire House, and the advantage or non-advantage of increasing the rate of progress between those places, has been worked out in a hundred different ways in a score of smoking-rooms. "Hands off the Parks!" has in some of the Clubs been adopted as a war-cry.

Prince Chun, returning from his mission to Berlin, has been received at Hong-Kong without a guard-of-honour being posted, and many people have wondered thereat. The absence of a guard may have been occasioned by the unexpectedness of the Prince's landing, or it may have been due to other and political causes. I was in Hong-Kong once when a Viceroy of Canton, coming from the North to take up his high appointment, landed at Hong-Kong under a salute, was received by a guard-of-honour, and was carried in a chair up to Government House by coolies in scarlet liveries. The next day, every native in Hong-Kong fully believed that the Viceroy had landed to accept obeisance and tribute from the Barbarian Governor, and if any attempt was made to disprove this they smiled incredulously, for they had seen with their own eyes the naval honours paid to His Excellency.

## THE ARRIVAL AT PORTSMOUTH.

*Royal Greetings by Wireless Telegraphy—Arrival of the "Ophir"—Cheers from the Beach—The "Victory" Illuminated at Night.*

THE Royal travellers safely reached Portsmouth on Friday, Nov. 1, heralding their progress by wireless telegraphy messages. These did not merely report progress, they also contained greetings, and one at least should appeal to all parents in the Empire, for it was to the children. And our future King on shore was allowed to send a boyish message to his father, our future King afloat. This, perhaps, is really the most affecting incident in the whole home-coming, one of those touches of nature that, as the divine William tells us, make the whole world kin.

The *Ophir* came at last, heralded by the Trinity yacht *Irene*, the Royal yachts *Alberta*, *Osborne*, and *Victoria and Albert*—with the King on board—followed by escorting cruisers, and finally afar off by the gun-boat *Seagull*, carrying such members of the Press as were permitted to view from a distance. As the procession drew near, the Channel Fleet, lying at Spithead, thundered out with saluting guns, the smoke of which mingled with the spray of the stormy sea.

Up through the lines of warships came the procession, the crews of the squadron manning ship, the gala bunting blowing bravely in the breeze. Up and up, then round by the *Majestic* and past Southsea Castle, lined with soldiers, who cheered as the *Ophir* passed. People on the beach took up the cheering, which ran along the shore for over a mile—a hearty shout of welcome to the returned wanderers, who, having weathered the stormy seas, now entered the quiet haven of Portsmouth Harbour, and held on by mementoes of a glorious past till they came alongside the South Railway Jetty, and the *Ophir's* voyage was done.

In the evening, at nine o'clock, there was a grand illumination of the warships at Spithead and in harbour, the *pièce de résistance* being a "Welcome Home" exhibited by Nelson's *Victory*. And who shall say whether the shade of England's famous Admiral did not revisit his old quarter-deck to gaze upon the Sailor-Prince whom the *Ophir* brought back from the sea, and the galaxy of brilliant officers who have taken the *Ophir* round the world and back again? But Nelson was never a jealous man.

When the *Ophir* reached the jetty, there was an affecting meeting between the Royal travellers and their children, and here they first met the King and Queen, who, owing to the bad weather, had been unable to go on board the *Ophir*, as they had intended. But into the privacy of this meeting we need not pry. After all, the world is much the same all over, and, whether it is a King welcoming back his son or a man of the people doing so, sentiments are much the same, and home to the returned is always "Home, sweet Home."

## THE MAN AT VICTORIA STATION.

*A Knot of Notabilities—The King and the Sikhs—The Royal Saloon and the Royal Literature.*

THE *Sketch* representative who was privileged to witness the arrival of the Royal party at Victoria Station is still talking about the extremely interesting time that he spent there. Before the arrival of the Royal train, he found himself within hailing distance of such notabilities as Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Brodrick, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Portland, Lord Roberts, and many other thrilling personages. Then he saw the Duke and Duchess of Connaught drive into the station.

Almost immediately afterwards, the pilot-engine arrived, followed by the Royal train. An interesting and unexpected thing happened when the King, the Duke of Cornwall and York, and Lord Roberts walked slowly down the line of Life Guards and came to a halt in front of the four Sikhs in khaki, each of whom had lost a leg. The King, he noticed, was looking remarkably fit and well, and the Duke very bronzed, though rather thin.

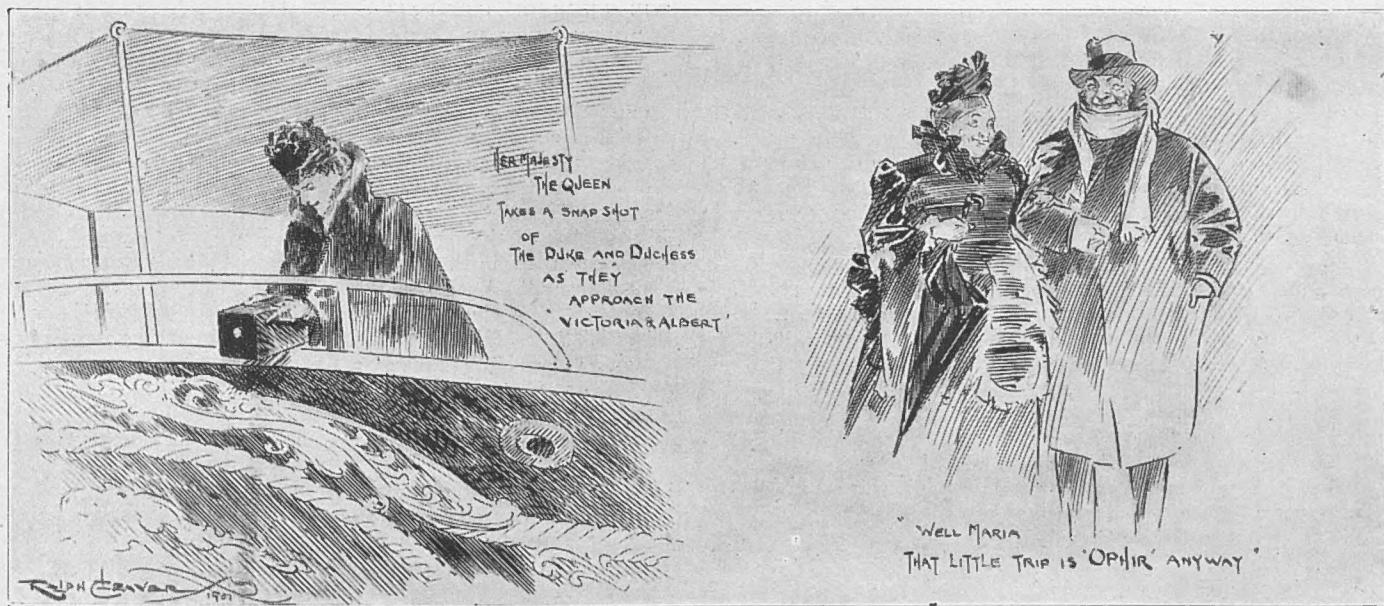
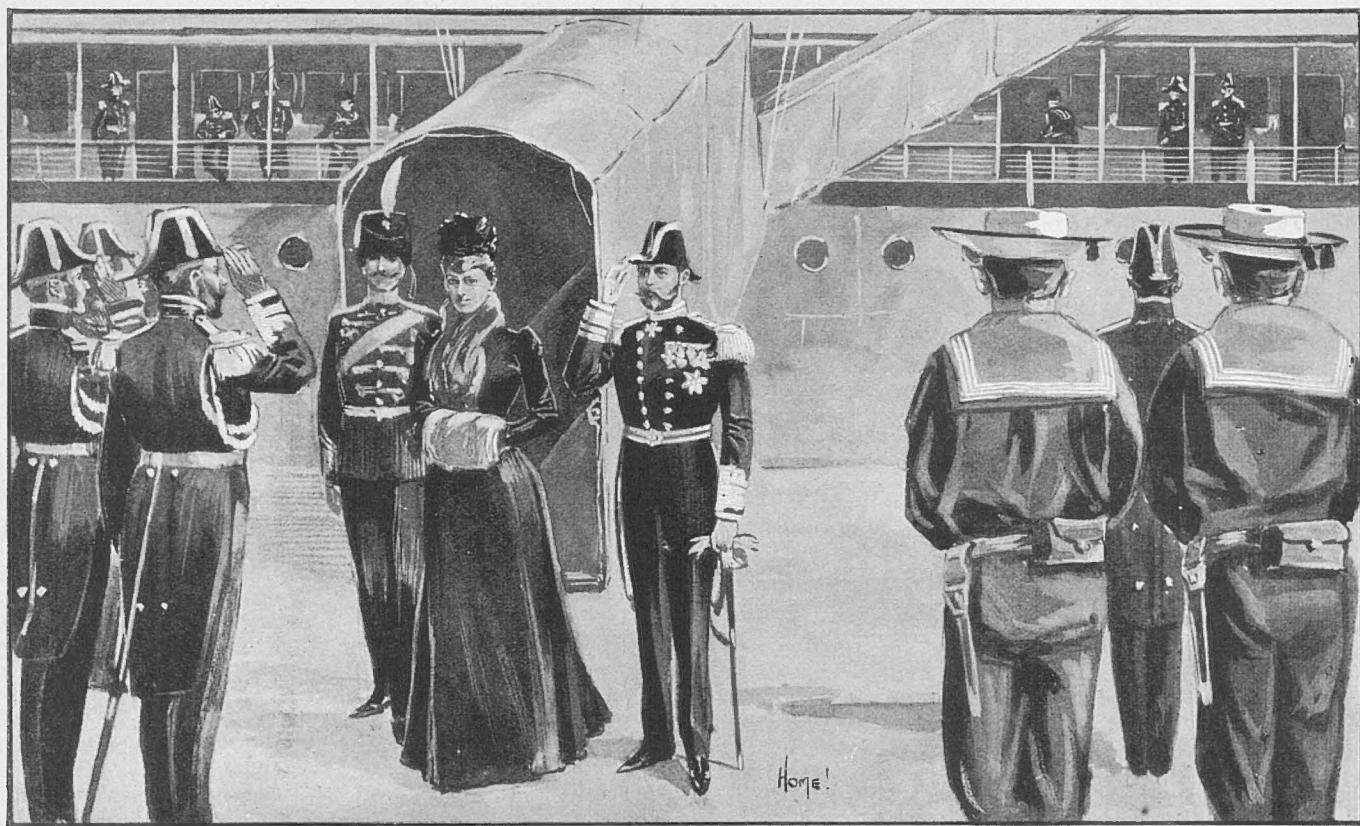
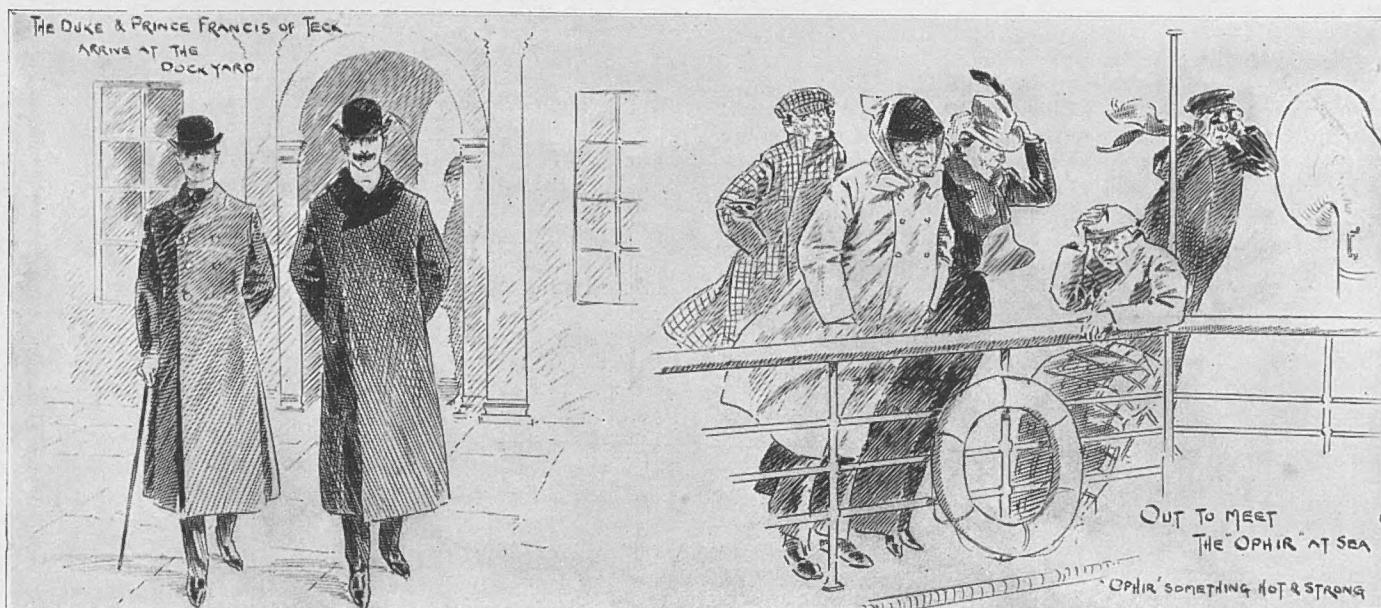
The departure of the Royal party from the station was a fine sight, and it was particularly pretty to see the little Prince Edward of York gravely saluting the crowd of guests, in exact imitation of his father. When the procession had left the station, *The Sketch* man took the opportunity of examining the literature in the Royal saloon, and was greatly elated to find more than one copy of his own journal on the table.

## THE MAN IN THE GREEN PARK.

*Queen's Weather!—On a Green Park Kopje—Hurried up by the Guns—Trotter for Buller—The Welcome in Piccadilly—The Ethics of Cheering—London Illuminated.*

QUEEN'S weather! That is what everyone thought on Saturday afternoon, when, in spite of November, the sun shone out to welcome the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York back again to England, and more especially London. The crowds took up their positions early along the route, and by the time the procession came along it was quite warm in the close-packed ranks. The welcome

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of the people was most hearty, and, from the spectacular point of view, the procession, short as it was, left nothing to be desired. The attention was not distracted by a multitude of personages, and those one went out to see and welcome were seen by almost all of us.

There are few better places from which "The Man in the Street" can see a Piccadilly procession than the Green Park, especially if he has not the time to spare which would enable him to get a position on the pavement. Some parts of the Park are below the level of Piccadilly, but it is by no means flat, and the little kopjes in which it abounds are fine vantage-points. For my own part, I went into the Park rather late, just about the time that the guns began to fire on the Horse Guards Parade.

By the way, with what a vicious smack the report of those little weapons hits the air! The sound made me hurry up, and I was glad that there was nothing in those guns to put me to flight any quicker. There were crowds of us who were late scurrying across the Park, but I managed to get on a rising ground, from which I could see over Piccadilly, and, with a little tip-toe work, get a glimpse of the occupants of the carriages as they drove by.

I fancied that, thanks to *The Sketch*, everyone knew General Buller's face by this time, but apparently every man in a crowd does not. Two men near me confidently pointed out General Trotter as the late Commander-in-Chief in Natal, but without arousing the slightest interest. It is possible to be the most-talked-about man in the world, and yet for such an incident to happen.

The King looked very cheery and in splendid health, and no one who saw him needed any official contradiction of the foolish untruths that have been spread about. The Duke of Cornwall and York looked rather thinner than when he left us, six or eight months ago, but very fit and hearty. Both seemed greatly pleased with the warmth of their reception. The women were especially charmed with little Prince Edward, who sat facing his father and solemnly saluted the cheering crowd as he drove by with all the steadiness of a veteran.

The Queen looked as charming as she has looked all the eight and thirty years that some of us have known her, and the Duchess was evidently none the worse for her long and trying voyage. The cheering and waving of handkerchiefs along Piccadilly was something to hear and see, and I again noticed how much louder the cheering was than when Queen Victoria came among us at the end of her reign. Everyone was so anxious to see Queen Victoria that many forgot to cheer, and there seemed something impudent in shouting when one so great in statecraft and so full of years and sorrows passed by. But we cheer the King with a heartiness that needs no repression, for we hope to see him often among us.

St. James's Street reminded me of Jubilee Day. The street, somehow, lends itself to a pageant, and the Venetian masts, flags, festoons, and draperies made a tunnel of ever-changing colour.

In the evening the West-End was gaily illuminated, and, as the decorations had not been removed, thousands turned out to see the sights. There were a few ticklers and squirts about, but, on the whole, the crowd was most quiet and well-behaved, and I saw very little rowdiness or drunkenness. London is certainly gayer than it used to be, and I think that we are all the better for it. I heard several discussions as to how the gunners on the Horse Guards Parade knew when to start firing the salute on the arrival of the Royal train at Victoria. Some of the men of the Coldstream Guards were on a balcony of the Grosvenor Hotel, and they signalled across the Park to the officers in charge of the guns. By the way, the train was four minutes before its time, and one report says that everyone was very much astonished. And no wonder!

## THE CHAPERON.

*Saturday's Pageant—Piccadilly Parties—A Group of Hosts and Hostesses on the Royal Route—The Duke of Cambridge's Delightful Palace, Gloucester House.*

HOW the world has changed in the last fifty years! Last Saturday gave one quite a foretaste of what the Coronation Procession is likely to be, for all along the route followed by the Royal travellers houses were decorated and parties were being entertained, just as they were on the occasion of the last Jubilee. Clubland has always proved itself demonstratively loyal, and many Club windows were filled with a crowd of pretty women—another comparatively recent innovation, which does not, I fancy, meet with the approval of many men. The wider half of Piccadilly lends itself quite admirably to any kind of pageant, and the fortunate people who dwell in this, the prettiest and yet the most stately roadway in town, are most of them personally known to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

As to who these groups of Londoners are, the most important houses on the route are undoubtedly Apsley House and Devonshire House, the former presenting a more brilliant sight on Saturday than it did even on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee. The Duke of Devonshire, who is very public-spirited in these matters, had a large stand erected in the courtyard of his town house, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, of whom comparatively little has been heard lately, entertained some friends. It is rather amusing just now to remember that it was at the corner of Stratton Street, in the very house where Lady Burdett-Coutts was born, that her father was arrested and taken to the Tower. At the present moment, it may be safely said that there is no woman in Society more highly regarded by the Royal Family, and I hear that the King has sent her a special message saying that he hoped she will be well enough to attend the Coronation in person! If so, "the Baroness" will be one of the very few ladies present who also saw Queen Victoria crowned—indeed, she figures in Tom Hood's Coronation Ballad as the "faymale heiress, Miss Angely Coutts."

Lord Glenesk, the millionaire owner of the *Morning Post*, also possesses a most interesting historical house on the route followed by the Royal procession last Saturday. It was in that house that Lord Byron spent his brief, ill-fated married life, and there that he finally parted from Lady Byron, flinging at her, together with a bundle of unpaid bills, a rough copy of the famous verses

beginning, "Fare thee well, and if for ever." A true treasure-house is also the delightful town mansion of Lord and Lady Rothschild, always exquisitely decorated in honour of any Royal pageant.

Of course, the most perfect house in Piccadilly is that most delightful of minor palaces, Gloucester House, full of priceless eighteenth-century heirlooms left to the Duke of Cambridge by various members of what used to be called, in the days when Queen Victoria was young, "the old Royal Family." Both the reception-room floors of Gloucester House command perfect views of Piccadilly and of the Green Park. That in which His Royal Highness's household are generally gathered together on such an occasion as that of a Royal Procession contains the Duke of Cambridge's unique collection of snuff-boxes, as well as a case full of military trophies presented to him at various moments of his long military career. The drawing-rooms above are hung with delightful specimens of eighteenth-century and early nineteenth-century art, and on the floor of the larger drawing-room, where the Duke and a number of his personal friends were gathered together last Saturday, is a quaint old carpet, actually made by "The Ladies of England" as a wedding-present to the late Duke and his delightful Duchess—the grandmother, by the way, of the Duchess of Cornwall and York, who is thought by some people to strongly resemble at this period of her life the fine painting now hanging at Gloucester House, and which represents the Duke of Cambridge's mother in her wedding-dress,

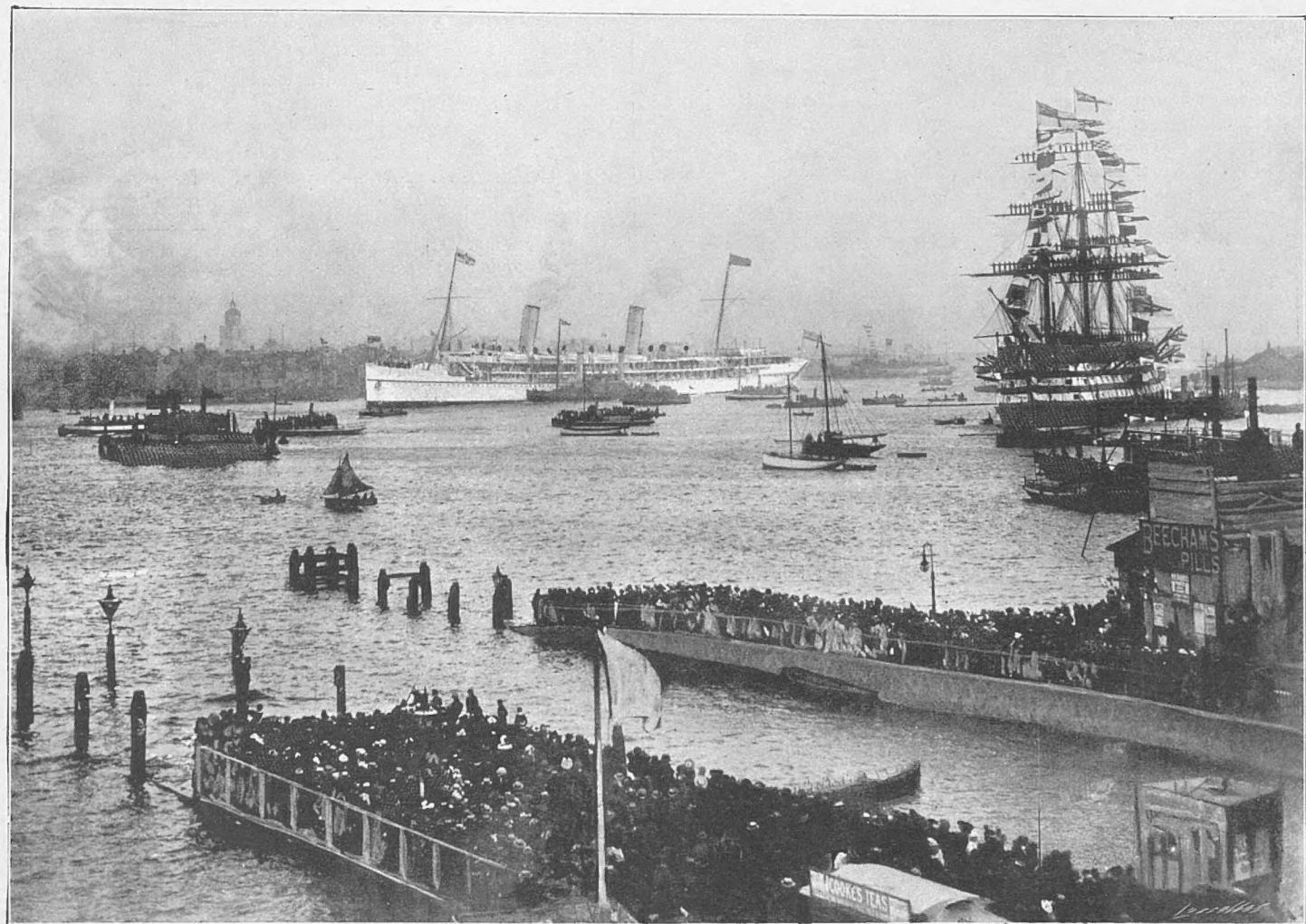


The King. The Duke of Cornwall.

A SNAPSHOT AT PORTSMOUTH: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL PRESENTING THE OFFICERS OF THE "OPHIR" TO THE KING.

Photo by Cribb, Southsea.

## HOME-COMING OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS.



THE "OPHIR" ENTERING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR: PASSING H.M.S. "ST. VINCENT."  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN CRIBB, SOUTHSEA.



THE PROCESSION IN PICCADILLY: PASSING THE GREEN PARK.

*The King and the Duke of Cornwall are sitting side by side; facing the King is Prince Charles of Denmark, and opposite his father is Prince Edward of York.*

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## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*Many Happy  
Royal Returns of  
the Day.*

King Edward, amid the congratulations of the whole world, will celebrate his sixtieth birthday next Saturday. There are many still living who can remember the intense delight with which the birth of a Prince of Wales was hailed by the nation. *Punch* suitably voiced the national feeling in the amusing verse published in one of its early numbers, beginning—

Huzza ! we've a little Prince at last,  
A roaring Royal boy;  
And all day long the booming bells  
Have rung their peals of joy.

At the present moment, it is worth recalling that His Majesty was for fully a month after his birth only Duke of Cornwall, for he was not created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester till Dec. 4—that is, four weeks after his birth. One of King Edward's godmothers, his aunt the Dowager-Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, is still living, but his other sponsors have all passed over to the majority. The Sovereign's first birthday as King is to be spent, as have been those which preceded it, at Sandringham—that is, in privacy among those who are his nearest and dearest.

*The King's First  
Birthday Honours?* Much curiosity is felt, especially in political circles, as to whom will fall the honour and pleasure of being recipients of His Majesty's first Birthday Honours. It is asserted in some quarters that the Sovereign will on this occasion bestow the first Dukedom of the reign either on Lord Salisbury or on Lord Cadogan; it is also thought that more than one of our military heroes will wake up on Saturday morning to find himself one degree more famous than he was before. It is an open secret that King Edward has always greatly approved of high honour being bestowed on the leading members of the learned professions, especially on those whose noble task it is to alleviate human suffering, and, as yet, Lord Lister is the only medical man on whom has been bestowed a peerage. In spite of all the announcements and references to what *may* happen, nothing positive can be asserted concerning the transformation of the Duke of Cornwall and York into Prince of Wales. His Majesty may choose to defer this important decision till the New Year or till the Coronation.

*The King's New  
Eton Prize.* King Edward VII. has always taken a very special interest, as, indeed, did the late Sovereign, in the historic school of which the buildings nestle, as it were, at the foot of Windsor Hill, and there seems something peculiarly appropriate in the fact that His Majesty has presented a valuable prize for proficiency in the study of modern languages for the benefit of the happy lads who spend the most pleasant half of the most delightful years of their lives in those Playing Fields where, according to the great Duke of Wellington, was fought and won, in a symbolic sense, the Battle of Waterloo. Etonians were much in evidence at the funeral of Queen Victoria, as, indeed, they have a right to be at all those historic pageants connected with Windsor and its Castle. At Eton several of the King's nephews have been educated, notably the son of the Duke of Connaught and the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The late Prince Christian Victor was an old Wellingtonian, and it is at Wellington and not at Eton that Princess Beatrice's eldest son, Prince Alexander, has been prepared for a naval career.

*The Richest  
Bachelor in Europe.*

of being the richest bachelor in Europe—indeed, he is very much wealthier than the bachelor King, Alphonso XIII. of Spain. The Grand Duke is naturally looked at with great interest by those Royal ladies who have marriageable daughters, and he has been betrothed in the imagination of German journalists to most maiden Princesses, including the good-looking, haughty daughter of the Grand Duke Vladimir, and King Edward's sweet-faced young niece, Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. The Grand Duke is nearly related to the Queen of Holland; indeed, he is next heir to her Throne, so that his marriage is one of great importance. Notwithstanding his great riches—which have accrued to him from various relations on both sides of the House—this bachelor

The young Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who was lately badly bitten by a hound whilst out hunting, holds the perhaps-not-altogether enviable position of being the richest bachelor in Europe—indeed, he is very much wealthier than the bachelor King, Alphonso XIII. of Spain. The Grand Duke is naturally looked at with great interest by those Royal ladies who have marriageable daughters, and he has been betrothed in the imagination of German journalists to most maiden Princesses, including the good-looking, haughty daughter of the Grand Duke Vladimir, and King Edward's sweet-faced young niece, Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. The Grand Duke is nearly related to the Queen of Holland; indeed, he is next heir to her Throne, so that his marriage is one of great importance. Notwithstanding his great riches—which have accrued to him from various relations on both sides of the House—this bachelor



GRAND DUKE OF SAXE-WEIMAR, THE RICHEST BACHELOR IN EUROPE.

*Photo by Louis Held.*

Prince cannot be said to lead an ideal existence. He not long ago lost his only brother; he has long been an orphan, and he was brought up by his rather old-fashioned grandparents, the late Grand Duke and Grand Duchess. The German Emperor is said to regard him with great interest and favour, and has watched his military career closely. He is just twenty-five years of age, and it is thought very probable that he may shortly pay a visit to this country, the more so that he is, of course, a near relation of that most popular of British soldiers, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. The young Prince is sure of a warm welcome, and it is quite possible that he may, like so many other German reigning Sovereigns, end by finding a bride in a British Princess.

*A Prince's  
Playground.*

Those of the German Emperor's sons who are now completing their military education at the fine old Academy of Ploen lead exactly the same lives as do the other cadets—indeed, if anything, they are treated in a more Spartan manner, for William II. wishes his soldier-sons to be models rather than comrades to their fellow-officers. Of late years, a great deal

of attention has been paid at Ploen to the athletic training of those who are to lead the twentieth-century German Army, and the playground is practically a gymnasium. It is whispered that at least one old General, who greatly distinguished himself in the Franco-Prussian War, does not believe in these new methods: he is fond of pointing out that, forty and fifty years ago, the German military cadet was a student first and an athlete afterwards. However, the Kaiser, always on the look-out for new ideas, much admires the British Public School system; accordingly, all his sons have been brought up to take far more outdoor exercise than is usual with German youths of high degree.

*Puddings to "the Front."* The news that our gallant

troops will not be forgotten this Christmas by those who stay at home at ease is good tidings indeed! In addition to those provided by private enterprise, a hundred and fifty thousand Christmas-puddings have already been shipped by order of the War Office, and thus it is to be hoped that every soldier will be, at least, reminded of his far-away home when he is enjoying, with what pleasure he can muster up, Christmas on the veldt. The bearer of an honoured name, Mrs. Wauchope, is making a great effort to provide each man of the Black Watch, her gallant husband's beloved regiment, with a substantial and, it may be added, sensible gift, and she begs for gifts in kind and in money to enable her to carry out this laudable object.



PRINCES AT PLAY: THE SONS OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT PLOEN.

*Photo by F. Henning, Ploen.*

*The Gladstone-Paget Wedding.*

On this page I give portraits of the Right Hon. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., son of the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone, and Miss Dorothy Paget, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Richard Paget, Bart., of Cranmore Hall and Newbury House, Somerset, and 58, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

RIGHT HON. HERBERT GLADSTONE, M.P.

WHO WERE MARRIED AT ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, WELLS STREET, LAST SATURDAY.

Square, whose wedding on the 2nd inst., at St. Andrew's Church, Wells Street, created such an amount of interest in political and social circles. The bridegroom's cousin, the Bishop of Rochester, performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, the bridegroom's brother, and his two brothers-in-law, the Dean of Lincoln and the Rev. Harry Drew (father of the late Mr. Gladstone's favourite grandchild, Miss Dorothy Drew); and Mr. Samuel Whitbread, M.P., acted as best man.

*The Bride and her Attendants.*

Italian fifteenth-century design with silver and opals. The long Court-train, slung from the shoulders, was of old Flemish lace, while her ornaments included a diamond necklace (the gift of Miss Helen Gladstone) and a large diamond cross (a present from Mrs. Harry Drew). Following her came little Master Gervase Bruce and Master Edward Tennant, dressed as heralds, and seven bridesmaids—the Misses Hylda Paget, Evelyn Gladstone, K. Horner, Dorothy Carleton, Dorothy Drew, Mary Lyttelton, and Clare Tennant—who wore pretty frocks of white gaze-de-soie over pale-pink satin, embroidered with silver and opals, and wreaths of flowering myrtle covered with tulle veils instead of the ordinary "picture"-hats. Each wore a gold chain bangle, with a small gold heart pendant bearing the initials "D." and "H." in pearls and diamonds, and carried a loose bunch of Madonna-lilies tied with satin ribbon. Lady Paget subsequently welcomed the army of wedding-guests at 58, Queen Anne Street, where the hundreds of beautiful wedding-presents were on view; and, later in the day, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gladstone left for Monks Hatch, Guildford, lent by Mr. and Mrs. Hichens, for the honeymoon. Sapphire-blue velvet trimmed with old Italian lace and paste buttons and a large white felt hat adorned with feathers composed the bride's travelling-costume. Such a display of wedding-presents has not been seen since Mr. H. H. Asquith and Miss "Margot" Tennant were married, seven years ago. They include gifts from politicians of all denominations, as the bride's father sat for thirty years as Conservative Member for different Divisions of Somerset, and besides which Mr. Herbert Gladstone is a most popular Liberal Whip and greatly esteemed by both sides of the House.

*An Anglo-German Alliance.*

Princess Henry of Pless, the elder sister of the young Duchess of Westminster, is now paying a short visit to her native land. As Miss Daisy Cornwallis-West, she was scarcely seen in the great English world, for her marriage took place when she was only seventeen, and she has naturally spent a good deal of her married life in Silesia, where her husband's splendid estates are situated. The young Princess is, however, tenderly devoted to her own people and to her native country. When in England, she is the inseparable companion of her young-looking mother and of her stalwart father, and lately she has had the great satisfaction of displaying her fine little son-and-heir to her friends. This important baby made its appearance many years after his parents'

marriage, and his birth was feted with the greatest rejoicings, his two godfathers being severally the then Prince of Wales and the German Emperor. Princess Henry is as fair as her sister is dark, but they both have slender, upright figures, and the look of perfect health, which they have inherited from their mother, who was, in her day, perhaps the most beautiful woman in the United Kingdom, and who still retains an extraordinary look of youth.

*An Original Enterprise.*

Those people who intend to spend their Christmas holidays in town will have an opportunity of patronising a really original enterprise, for Miss Audrey Campbell, a god-daughter of Lady Audrey Buller, is bringing together a number of well-known Society actors and actresses who, with the doubtless valuable assistance of two or three professionals, will give a series of matinées at the Albert Hall Theatre, in aid of that most deserving fund, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association.



Photo by Hay Cameron, Mortimer Street, W.

MISS DOROTHY PAGET.

*Notable New Babies.* A group of notable babies have just made their appearance in this world of woe. Lady Oranmore and Browne has presented her husband with a son-and-heir, and great rejoicings have taken place in Ireland accordingly, bonfires being lit on the various estates with which the youngest of "elder sons" is connected. The Duke and Duchess of Manchester's first baby is "only a girl," but her birth took place at historic Kimbolton Castle, and bells were rung right merrily. It is to be hoped that the new Lady Mary Montagu will in due course grow up to be as beautiful as her stately great-grandmother, the present Duchess of Devonshire, who, as a young married woman, often entertained the present Sovereign at Kimbolton. Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, is now the youngest-looking grandmother in Society, if Her Gracious Majesty is excepted. The birth of Lady Chelsea's fifth little girl must be a disappointment to Lord and Lady Cadogan; but it is pointed out that quite a number of Peeresses, notably the Duchess of Leeds and Lady Carrington, welcomed a son-and-heir only after the birth of four or five daughters.



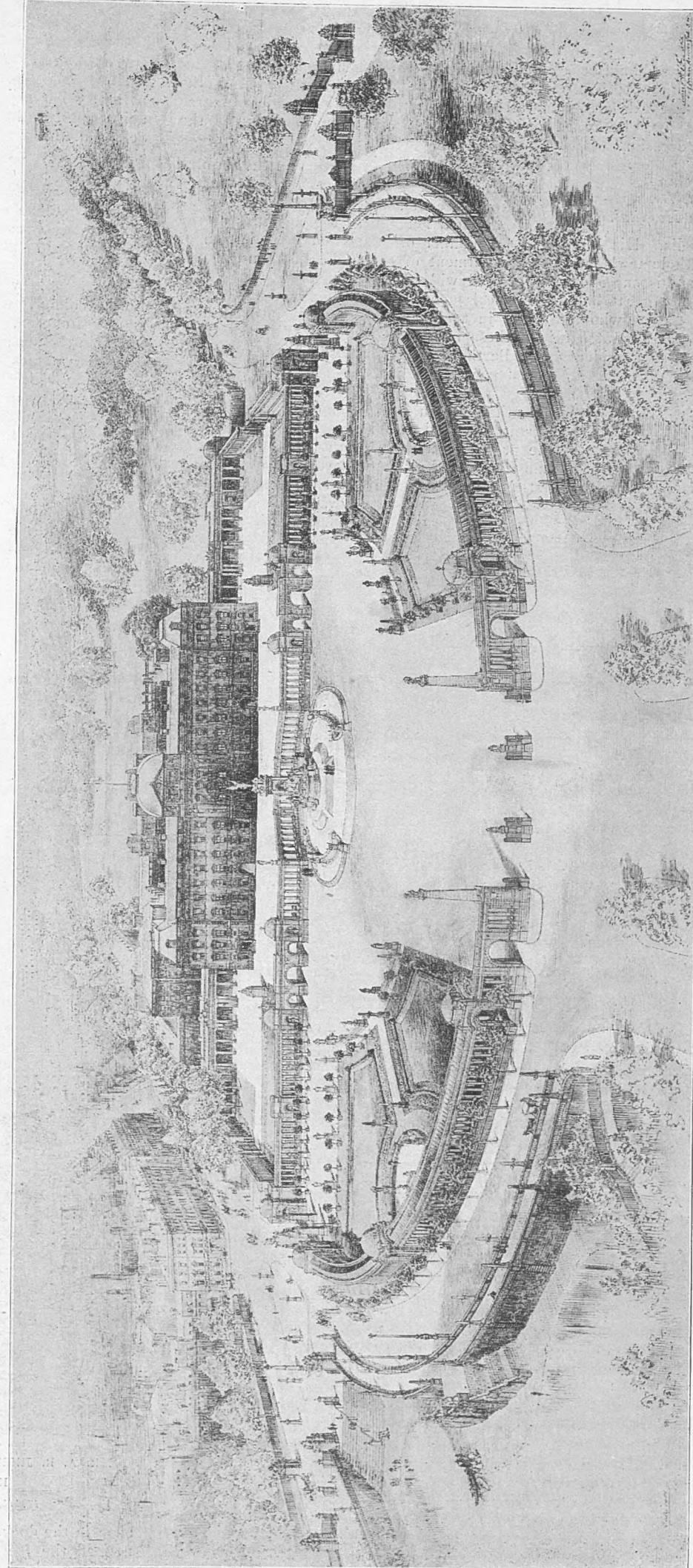
MRS. CORNWALLIS-WEST AND HER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS HENRY OF PLESS.

*Memorial of Queen Victoria.* On Friday of last week the designs for the Queen Victoria Memorial were exhibited for public inspection in the Banqueting-Room of St. James's Palace. Not only the accepted design of Mr. Brock for the statue, but the other competing designs were also on view. Mr. Aston Webb, at the request of Mr. Brock, has introduced considerable modifications in his original plan, so that the ground in front of Buckingham Palace and around the statue may be more opened out. It is unnecessary to enter into a long and elaborate description of the scheme, as the design which *The Sketch* is permitted to reproduce will convey the general idea at a glance. It will be seen that, if Mr. Aston Webb's plan is carried out in its entirety, it will amount to an entire remodelling of the Mall. The existing entrances to Buckingham Palace will also be greatly altered, and, should funds permit, the whole length of the Mall will be ornamented at regular intervals with allegorical statues representing the Colonies, and a fine entrance from Charing Cross constructed. One is tempted to wish that the Palace itself, or, at any rate, the front, might also be remodelled, for anything more unattractive and less Royal in appearance could scarcely be imagined.

*To-day the Bull Hotel at Rochester will be knocked down—in a more or less figurative sense—for that famous hostelry will be offered for sale by the auctioneer to the highest bidder. Here it was that the immortal Pickwick, the faithful "Tuppy," the versatile Winkle, and the poet Snodgrass dined with the irrepressible Jingle. Here also the Ball in the Assembly Rooms took place which led to*

the calling-out by the irate Dr. Slammer of the gallant but misguided Winkle. The house is said to be still in substantially the same state as when Dickens loved to visit it. It contains also a "Queen Victoria Chamber," for in 1836 the Duchess of Kent and the future Queen were driving in the neighbourhood, and, overtaken by a violent storm, Rochester Bridge also being reported unsafe, were obliged to turn back and take up their quarters at the "Bull" for the night. The old house will be sold just as it stands, with all its quaint adornments and old-fashioned furniture, and the many mementoes of the great novelist will, no doubt, attract hosts of his admirers to the sale. Perhaps, of late years, visitors from the "other side" have been almost as numerous as Dickens's own fellow-countrymen.

*An American Exhibition at Sydenham.* It is a happy idea on the part of the Management of the Crystal Palace to arrange for the holding of an American Exhibition during the Coronation year. It is proposed to open the Exhibition in May and close it in September. There will assuredly be a large accession to the ordinary number of American visitors next year, and the project will be welcomed in the United States. It is intended to have sections representing the wealth, industry, science, and art of America; the sports and pastimes of our Transatlantic cousins will be in evidence; and there will be contests in which international teams will take part. Included in the Advisory Committee are the names of Earl Grey, the Earl of Crewe, Viscount Duncannon, Sir Edward Fox, and Sir Henry Irving—names that assure the success of the Exhibition.



ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL.—BY ASTON WEBB, A.R.A.

*The Coronation and the Opera.*

There is to be a "command" gala performance at the Covent Garden Opera House next year in connection with the Coronation festivities, when the King and Queen and the members of the Royal Family, with the foreign Envoys and Secretaries of State, will be present. It is, of course, too early even to guess at the programme, but it is suggested that a varied programme should be selected, and it has even been mooted that an Act of Sir Arthur Sullivan's ill-fated "Ivanhoe" should be included in the bill of musical fare. At all events, Lord de Grey and Mr. Harry Higgins may be relied on to give an entertainment worthy of the unique occasion.

*The Duke of York and St. Bartholomew's Hospital.*

Metropolis. His Majesty for a number of years had been Patron of St. Bartholomew's, and the appointment of the Duke of Cornwall and York as his successor has created widespread satisfaction, not merely among the great body of medical men, but even among the men and women toilers, who never fail in their appreciation nor in their help towards the maintenance of these noble institutions. With the Heir-Apparent as President of St. Bartholomew's, the hospital has a double claim for gratitude and assistance.

*The late Canon Carter.*

The death of Canon Thomas Thellusson Carter, at the great age of ninety-three, severs the last link of the present generation with Tractarianism, of which he was one of the most venerated representatives. Canon Carter took his degree, with a first-class in Classics, just seventy years ago, and

was ordained in 1832, just before the so-called "Oxford Movement" began, the leaders of which were, of course, the famous John Keble and John Henry (afterwards Cardinal) Newman. After occupying curacies at Reading and Burnham, Bucks, he became Rector of Piddlehinton, Dorset, but in 1844 entered upon his life-work at Clewer, being Rector of the parish for thirty-six years and Warden of the House of Mercy from 1849 till his death. Of a singularly modest and unobtrusive nature, Canon Carter was in his time one of the most influential of High Church leaders, and until his great age prevented him from leaving Clewer he was a regular attendant and speaker

THE LATE CANON CARTER, THE LAST OF THE  
"TRACTARIANS."

*Photo by Lyddell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.*

at the meetings of the English Church Union. His appointment as Honorary Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, thirty-one years ago, by Bishop Mackarness, occasioned a lawsuit, but the Low Church party were unsuccessful in their opposition. Canon Carter was the author, among other works, of the well-known "Treasury of Devotion," and it has been well said that "he combined scholarship with the deepest devotion, and saintliness of character with the most unaffected humility."

*In her Father's Footsteps.*

The Countess of Selborne, Lord Salisbury's eldest daughter, is a very clever, remarkable woman—indeed, many people consider that, of all the Prime Minister's children, she is the one who most resembles him in clearness of judgment and intelligent appreciation of passing events. The women of the Cecil family have always been noted for their great qualities, and it is from his mother, once Lady Blanche Cecil, that Mr. Balfour has inherited much of his brilliancy and power. When the engagement of Lady Beatrix Maud Cecil to the then Viscount Wolmer was announced, the news created some little sensation, for the then Lord Selborne was known as a typical Liberal of the old school, whose political opinions were naturally opposed to those of Lord Salisbury. The wedding was one of the great political as well as one of the great social events of 1883, for the leading members of the two great political parties gathered together to do honour to the house of Palmer and to the house of Cecil; and, as was to be expected, the bridegroom of that day has since proved a most valuable political supporter of his famous father-in-law. Lady Selborne, both as Viscountess Wolmer and since her husband succeeded to his father's title—that is, during the last six years—has been one of the most successful of political hostesses. She is

practically interested in a host of matters, and, like Lord Salisbury, has hobbies to which she can always turn with pleasure and interest, and, when spending a quiet holiday in her husband's delightful place, Blackmoor, in Hampshire, she concerns herself vigorously with local affairs of every kind, and especially with all that affects the agricultural prosperity of her poorer neighbours. Lady Selborne has four children, the eldest of whom, her only daughter, Lady Mabel Palmer, will be one of the many Coronation-year débutantes, for she will be eighteen next year. Lord Wolmer, who is now fourteen, rejoices in the curious Christian names of Roundell Cecil. He has two younger brothers, the baby of the family and Lord Salisbury's pet grandson being seven.

To no one man belongs the sole invention of the safety-bicycle, but to the late Mr. J. K. Starley, of Coventry, was due a large share of the honour. His death at the early age of forty-six is certainly to be deplored. He had also much to do with the evolution of the tricycle, had a reputation for his liberality toward religious and philanthropic objects, and issued what he called a "Christian Bible," in which the New Testament was placed before the Old.

*The Newest of the New Judges.*

The witty people will have a difficulty in turning to their own purposes the name of the new Judge who has been appointed to succeed Mr. Justice Day now that he has retired from the high noon of public into the night of private life. Mr. Arthur Richard Jelf, K.C., who became Recorder of Shrewsbury the year before he took "silk," one-and-twenty years ago,

the man on whom the King's choice has fallen, is regarded as one of the strong men of the Bar—to which he was called in 1863—and therefore likely to give the fullest satisfaction in his office. The son of a clergyman, he is closely connected with the Church by marriage, for his wife is also the daughter of a clergyman. Like so many of the other Judges, he brings with him to the Bench traditions of Eton and of Oxford.

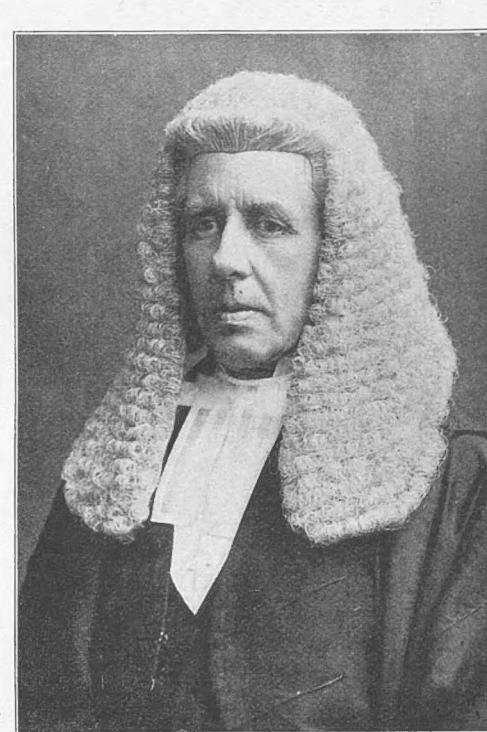
He has a keen sense of humour, if the story which has been told of him for a very long time really happened. He was trying a case, and the prisoner, thinking to mollify the Judge or to create a favourable impression as to his appear-

ance in the dock, shed copious if not altogether sincere tears. Mr. Jelf noticed the fact, as he was intended to notice it. He turned to the prisoner and asked, in the most sympathetic tones, "Have you ever been in prison?" "No, my Lord, never!" "Ah, well!" Mr. Jelf replied. "don't cry about it, for I'm going to send you to prison now." And the man went—tears and all.



COUNTESS OF SELBORNE, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF LORD SALISBURY.

*Photo by Langford, Old Bond Street, W.*



MR. A. R. JELF, K.C., NEW JUDGE OF THE KING'S BENCH.

*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

*One of their  
Majesties' Irish  
Hostesses.*

Lady Annesley will very probably act as hostess to their Majesties during their forthcoming visit to Ireland. Castlewellan is well worth a Royal visit, and Lord Annesley—who, by the way, celebrated this year his jubilee as a soldier, for he entered the Army in 1851 and greatly distinguished himself in the Crimean War—is one of the most cultured and typical Irish Peers of his generation, while Lady Annesley is as popular in London, where she often entertains the great political and social world at Annesley Lodge, as she is in County Down and in Dublin.

*"Japs" in Berlin.* There are quite a number of Japanese now resident in Berlin (writes my Correspondent in that city). In the whole of Germany there are altogether two hundred and thirty-one Japanese; of these, no less than one hundred and twelve live in the German Capital. Most of them are men of science—doctors, University students, members of the Japanese Embassy, and others, and only very few are in any way connected with trade. In Berlin there appears now even a Japanese monthly paper, called *Ost Asien*, edited by a Japanese gentleman named Kisak Tamai. From this paper all kinds of interesting details are to be learned. For instance, we read therein that at Irkutsk, in Siberia, the Japanese have erected a laundry, a very excellent innovation in Siberia, doubtless. Also an enterprising Japanese photographer has likewise set up shop in the same city. The *Ost Asien*, too, tells its readers that at Tokyo a University has been founded for ladies, and that at Nagano, in Japan, a Ladies' Club has been formed which demands of its members that none shall ever marry a man who has ever been guilty of any immoral conduct whatever. Mr. Kisak Tamai also informs his readers that as many as thirty thousand Japanese emigrated lately to Madagascar, that a Japanese lady has, only a few months ago, taken a degree at the University of San Francisco, and that Japanese ladies in Tokyo are energetically striving to introduce more practical costumes. Unlike the Chinese residents in Berlin, the Japanese

dress exactly like Europeans, and seem very modest and retiring. They are constantly to be seen and heard talking in seemingly extraordinarily rapid jargon in the many restaurants, and give the impression of being very quick, vivacious, and happy people. The Chinese here, on the contrary, do not seem to be looked on with much favour; they are, moreover, very ungainly looking persons for the most part, and shuffle through the streets apparently quite serenely oblivious of the presence of other people. They evoke the ridicule rather than the admiration of the Berliners. With the Japanese the opposite is decidedly the case.

*Prince Adalbert.* Prince Adalbert seems to be thoroughly enjoying himself during his voyage round the world. He has just been receiving most assiduous attentions from the Sultan, who has been holding for his entertainment all manner of reviews. Dinners were given, too, in his honour, at the Yildiz Palace, and after one of the dinners an excellent theatrical performance was provided for his delectation. The Sultan has, in fact, left no stone unturned to thoroughly impress the third son of his "friend" the German Emperor.

*Emperor William's  
Decoration.*

Emperor William II. has been favoured beyond any other monarch in that he has been presented with the English China Medal. Colonel Waters, the Military Attaché in Berlin, handed the medal to His Majesty last Wednesday, on behalf of His Majesty King Edward. The medal, as everyone knows, is of silver, and represents on the front side a portrait of the late Queen, and on the reverse a Chinese pagoda.

*The late  
Dr. von Siemens.*

Not only the great Deutsche Bank, but also the whole of Germany has lost in the late Dr. von Siemens one of the most prominent and capable financiers and business-men of modern times (continues my Berlin Correspondent). Dr. Siemens, who was made a "von" by the Emperor in 1899, died comparatively young, shortly after the completion of his sixty-second year. As is natural, many anecdotes are told of this versatile and indefatigable celebrity.

I will give one which appertains to his activity in diplomatic circles. In 1868, he was persuaded by his cousin, Werner Siemens, to undertake a mission to Persia, partly of a business and partly of a diplomatic nature. Of course, it was necessary for him to be received in audience by the Royal House at Teheran. In accordance, too, with the customs of the country, it behoved the German bank magnate to enter the audience-chamber without shoes. This, however, he firmly and persistently refused to do, despite the remonstrances and entreaties of his advisers. Finally, he succeeded in having the fateful day of the audience postponed to a distant date. Meanwhile, he telegraphed home to Germany in hot haste for his uniform, for he was an officer of the Reserve. In due time the uniform arrived. Then he begged for the promised audience. In this case, he appeared dressed as an officer of the German Reserve. On the viziers demanding that he should remove his boots, he replied with great dignity that no German officer was allowed to appear before any Sovereign in the world dressed otherwise than as he would be in the presence of his own Sovereign. Against this nothing could be urged, and ultimately

Dr. von Siemens was admitted with all ceremony and was granted the audience required. As a further proof of his independence, he coolly sat down on a chair after the actual ceremony was over, thus filling the uneasy hearts of all the Court with dismay and astonishment. The Prince, however, to whom he had been speaking passed the breach of etiquette over with an indulgent smile, and Dr. von Siemens went his way perfectly happy and satisfied at having accomplished his own ends in entirely his own way.

*Smart Skaters at  
Prince's.*

If one may judge by the scene on the opening-day of Prince's Skating Club, skating will be more popular than ever during the coming winter, the more so that quite a number of smart ladies whom one has scarcely hitherto associated with that fascinating pastime are now on the Committee. These include the Duchess of Portland, Lady Londonderry, Lady Carrington, and last, not least, Mrs. Asquith. The fact that it is said to be very good for reducing *embonpoint* will probably cause many people to join the Club, for skating is pleasanter than Banting.



LADY ANNESLEY IN HER BOUDOIR.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

*A New Engagement.*

There will be far fewer bachelor Peers at the forthcoming Coronation than was the case sixty years ago. Lord Wicklow, one of the most popular of Guardsmen, and the owner of a delightful place, Shelton Abbey, quite one of the show Wicklow mansions, is engaged to Lady Gladys Hamilton, the pretty younger daughter of the Duke of Abercorn. The engagement has naturally given great satisfaction in Ireland, the more so that of late several Irish Peers have brought home English brides, who, however charming they may be, were not, as is the case with the present Peeress-elect, already known and loved in the Distressful Country. Lady Gladys has spent much of her youth at Baronscourt, her parents' splendid Irish home, and she has more than her fair share of the beauty for which Irishwomen are famed all over the world.

*The Guildhall and Lord Mayor's Banquet.*

The Mayoral Bánquet in the Guildhall on Saturday of this week should be of more than ordinary interest to everyone interested in the City, inasmuch as it will mark the four hundredth anniversary of the great civic feast in this place. For long years the annual event passed unrecorded, Samuel Pepys being one of the first to give a written account of a Lord Mayor's Banquet. The noted diarist seems to have been greatly chagrined that no napkins were provided and that the drink was supplied in earthen pitchers. The earliest record of the Guildhall is further back. In this year (1411) was "Ye Guylde Hall of London begun to be new

*Mr. Mulholland's New Theatre.*

Mr. Mulholland, whose popular Camberwell theatre, the Métropole, was the first of the many new suburban theatres designed to tempt local playgoers to patronise local playhouses, registered, a few days ago, the seventh anniversary of the opening of the Métropole. This North of Ireland native, being nothing if not energetic, has for some time past been making preparations for building another new theatre, his locality this time being that historic and now very busy borough, Hammersmith. This new theatre is to be called The King's Theatre, and, by a kind of coincidence, Mr. Mulholland succeeded in getting the plans for this new regally named playhouse passed on the very day when he was engaged in celebrating his Métropole's seventh anniversary.

*The T-Square Club.*

In the gorgeous Victoria Hall of the Hôtel Cecil, a few nights ago, there was held the first Annual Dinner of the T-Square Club. This is an organisation of architects, artists, designers, and so forth, numbering among its two or three hundred members Messrs. Frank Rendle and Neil Forsyth, who have hitherto lent the fine foyer of Covent Garden Theatre for the T-Squaring Monthly Concerts. Owing, however, to the coming of Sousa to Covent Garden for a while, these choice spirits will have to sing and smoke at the Holborn Restaurant for their next two concerts. This first Annual Dinner, presided over by Sir James Szlumper (Mayor of Richmond,) was a great success. To the toast of the



LADY DIMSDALE. THE NEW LADY MAYORESS.

*Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*

edyfied," an old chronicler has it, "and of an olde and lytell cottage made into a fayre and goodly house as it now apperyth." A number of years passed, however, before the place assumed a permanent shape. Richard Whittington's executors gave £20 towards paving the great hall with hard stone of Purbeck, and Sir John Shaw, a Mayor knighted by Henry VII. for gallantry on Bosworth Field, caused "the kitchens and other houses of office" to be built, and then only did it become possible to hold the great City feasts in the Guildhall instead of, as formerly, at the Merchant Taylors' or Grocers' Hall.

*The Cult of the Cat.* The Crystal Palace resounded last week to miaous and purrs, and many smart ladies, headed by that most popular Princess, Her Royal Highness

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, showed what progress of late years has made the cult of the cat. Lady Aberdeen, who has only lately become an exhibitor, won a prize with her silver tabby "Zoroaster." Lady Decies added to her triumphs with the aid of her Champion "Fulmer Zaida." The names given by fair cat-fanciers to their pets are often very amusing and suggestive. Lady Alexander christened her tabby Manx cat, a first-prize winner, "Bell Stump"; "Sister Goose" also brought her owner good luck; and certainly those white pussies who rejoiced in the names of "White Knight" and "Piquante Pearl" deserved the first honours won by them. Among the kittens, a lovely pair, "John Bull" and "Gyp," suggested an Anglo-French alliance, and also very appropriate were the names of a pair of blue kittens, "Lurline" and "Blue Knight."



ALDERMAN SIR J. C. DIMSDALE. THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

*Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.*

prosperity of the Club, proposed by the representative of *The Sketch*, the energetic Hon. Secretary, Mr. T. Aldwinckle, responded very effectively, showing that during its one year of age the Club had made considerable progress and all its members were in perfect concord. For my part, I must say that I have always found them so. There was an excellent entertainment.

*"If I were King."*

From information just received, I gather that Mr. Alexander has just secured another drama, wherein he will, in addition to his chances in Mr. Stephen Phillips's long-paragraphed "Paolo and Francesca," be provided with many opportunities for romantic acting and picturesque mounting. The new play is the work of Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, and is entitled "If I were King." This drama has just been tried in New York City, with Mr. E. H. Sothern, Miss Suzanne Sheldon, and Miss Cissie Loftus (or "Cecilia," as she now prefers to be frontally named) in the principal characters. The leading character (to be played in London by Mr. George Alexander) is no other than the burglarious bard whom Swinburne calls "Villon, our sad, bad, glad, mad brother." There is, as you may necessarily surmise, a good deal of the Louis Onze element in the play. Indeed, in this and in certain other respects, "If I were King" seems, doubtless because of the period chosen, to be reminiscent of certain episodes in "The Ballad-Monger" and in that clever little drama, entitled "Villon, Poet and Cut-throat," written by the young legal gentleman who for the nonce preferred to call himself "S. X. Courte."

## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*The Play in Paris.* When I met M. Fontanes, the other afternoon (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*), he told me that he meant in his "Voyage de Suzette," at the Châtelet, to outdo in France anything that London had seen in the musical-comedy play. He even whistled—which is a rare accomplishment with a Frenchman—several bars of some of the songs. At once let me say that he has succeeded; and there is one scene in particular at Cadiz, from the brush of Jambon, that beats anything I have ever seen. Certainly the ideal place for a family evening in Paris. I have little to say in favour of "Yvette," at the Vaudeville. Guy de Maupassant himself admitted that the novel was not adaptable for the stage, and in his lifetime refused all authorisation. The picture of a mother telling her daughter the story of a deplorable past is bad, and the scene of the daughter attempting suicide in the most penny-novelle style is better up at the Bouffes du Nord.

*The Criminal Court of Appeal.* The verdict of the Versailles Jury in the case of Madame Kroetzinger, condemned to five years' penal servitude originally by a Paris Jury for the murder of her husband, must leave food for reflection to the advocates of a Court of Criminal Appeal. The Jury condemned her to the guillotine, and, although this judgment will not be carried out, she will not be released for, at least, twenty to thirty years.

I have read with some astonishment the story of the rifles given to the miners at Saint Etienne and Montceaules-Mines and the terrible scenes that were to follow the calling-out of the troops. I have seen and examined one of these celebrated rifles that a Socialistic contemporary gives away, and this much I can swear to, and that is that it would require a sledge-hammer to drive in a cartridge. A child of eight would despise it at a shooting-gallery.

There is an outcry in the Rue de la Paix and the Rue des Capucines at the decision of the leading actresses that in future any elaborate hair-dress is banned; and the simple, flat bandeau of Cléo de Mérode is the thing. Economy has much to do with this revolt, for, as a very charming actress remarked to me the other night, "It is a little too much for an actress to have to pay for her dresses and, in addition, ten francs a-night for a coiffeur." Concerning which they are the best judges.

*Cost of Fame.* The most intimate friend of Santos-Dumont, and a brother Brazilian, told me that Santos had, up to the present, spent £30,000 on his ballooning ventures.

*Football by Moonlight.* Guy's Hospital will remember for a long time their moonlight football-struggle with the Racing Club of France at the Parc des Princes. When the cycling races were over and they were at last able to get on to the field, the moon was well over the second stage of the Eiffel Tower. Long before the finish the match had a positive Walpurgian effect. The black and yellow colours of the medicos could occasionally be seen in mortal fray with the somewhat angelic pale-blue and white of the Racing Club. Under the furtive glimpses of the moon it looked like a struggle between—well, let it pass!

*La Folie des Grandeur.* Rostand publicly announces that his wife does not allow him to read any unfavourable criticism of his extraordinary ode to the Czarina at Compiègne. This is an instance of mistaken kindness, for the brilliant young author of "Cyrano" announces that on his approaching reception into the bosom of the Academy he will address the Immortal Forty in verse. This is sheer stupidity, particularly as half of them are justified in being deaf

on account of their age. It will be a great pity if France loses one of its most promising writers simply because he cannot stand the cold douche of honest criticism.

*A French Royal Residence.*

It is seriously believed on the Riviera that King Edward intends to follow the example of more than one of his brother Sovereigns and acquire a permanent home in that part of "Sunny France" bounded on the one side by Cannes and on the other by Bordighera. It is further asserted that His Majesty hopes to find an estate for sale somewhere between Nice and Mentone—that is, in the neighbourhood either of the delightful château of his sister-in-law, Duchess Marie of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, of the French estate owned by the King of the Belgians, or of the Empress Eugénie's quaintly named Villa Cyrnos. His Majesty has always been very popular among our French neighbours, and, though it is very unlikely that the Sovereign will care to acquire a permanent habitat on the Riviera, it is exceedingly likely that he will spend a few weeks next spring in the South of France.

The death of Dr. Faure Miller removes from Paris life one of the most esteemed figures in the English Colony. He was best known for his devotion to the sufferers in the hospital founded by Sir Richard Wallace and for which he refused the slightest remuneration. At the head of the fashionable practice in Paris—which included our King Edward, the King of the Belgians, George of Greece, and the Grand Duke Alexis—his great pleasure in life was to devote his great talents in the interest of the less fortunate sick. He said to me on one occasion, "I take every disease to be my mortal enemy, and when I see a sufferer I throw off my coat and fight that enemy." The "good doctor," as he was lovingly known, will be missed. At the funeral service at St. Philippe du Roule, it was pathetic to see the stable-lads from Maisons Lafitte furtively putting down a little bouquet made up from the hedgerow.



THE BEDROOM OF THE KING OF BAVARIA. THIS MONARCH HAS JUST RECOVERED HIS SPEECH AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' DUMBNESS.

with a collar of diamonds worth 1,000,000 francs; and now Belle Otero with an ermine mantle worth 150,000 francs! And yet the question of what to do with our daughters is propounded still in the "Silly Season"!

The Parisian Press has only just discovered that there is a quasi-certitude that the *Figaro* will amalgamate with another paper. I mentioned this three months ago.

*King Otto's Bed-Chamber.*

King Otto of Bavaria, certainly the most pathetic and romantic figure of modern days, is said to have at last spoken, after an obstinate silence of twenty-five years. The nominal Sovereign of Bavaria is a man of extraordinary taste, and the possessor of the finest series of Royal residences in Europe, not even the marvellous Palaces of the Czar comparing in beauty and in ornamentation with those which stud the comparatively small kingdom which contains that beautiful chain of mountains, the Bavarian Alps. King Otto, like his ill-fated predecessor—who, it will be remembered, was drowned under peculiarly strange circumstances—has a great admiration for Louis XIV., and one or two of his Palaces recall to quite a peculiar degree Versailles—indeed, the bed-chamber King Otto occupies is almost a facsimile, as those who have visited the Palace of France's Kings will easily recognise, of that in which the "Sun King" used to receive his obsequious courtiers while going through the lengthy processes known as *le petit Lever* and *le grand Lever*. King Otto has modelled each of his days and the disposition of his time as much as may be on the existence of Louis XIV.



## WHY I ELOPED—AND HOW.

YOU have often accused me, my dear Dollie, of being a sentimentalist in theory and a cynic at heart. I have not troubled to deny the truth of this accusation at any great length, partly because I should be loth to give you an opportunity of convincing yourself, and partly because I am rather sensitive about baring my soul to the rough gales of incredulity. However, it is Sunday evening in London Town; the church bells, plaintively calling through the river-mist, recall to my mind a swish of petticoats, a smell of cheap kid gloves, a clatter of hob-nailed boots on the chancel tiles, and a hundred other sights and sounds reminiscent of the Sabbath Day in my native village. And to-night, for some reason or other, the bells also remind me of a romantic chapter in my youth that should go far to disprove your theories as to my cynicism. It is indiscreet of me, doubtless, to recall the incident for your amusement; but, then, you are so generous a critic that I am sure you would never dream of attacking me with a weapon so ingenuously forged.

I was nine years of age at the time, and she was seven. So far as I can remember, she was a rather insipid little girl, with preposterously elaborate ringlets, a slight lisp, and a vacuous expression. I was fat (don't laugh!), and had so sweetly innocent a face that old ladies and gentlemen used to stop me in the street and press packets of inexpensive sweets into my itching palm. When I was good, I used to wear a sailor-suit with astonishingly baggy trousers, a silk handkerchief, and a cap entitled "H.M.S. Victory." Really, now I come to think of it, the accuracy in the detail of my dress was truly remarkable, for not only was I supplied with a boatswain's whistle on the end of a white cord, but my trousers were of that uncompromising shape that causes the ignorant observer to wonder how in the world they are put on and taken off. The attire of my lady-love was not attractive; it consisted, for the most part, of very long white stockings.

I don't suppose that, in an ordinary way, I should have waited to bestow my love upon so insignificant a creature, but a misguided opposition to our acquaintance on the part of my parents served to fan the flicker of a lukewarm interest into the roaring furnace of ungovernable passion. That there was nothing actually wrong about her, I need hardly assure you. Her moral character, I believe, had never for one moment been impeached; she was even well spoken of by her companions in the misfortune of school. The objection of my parents, I regret to state, was based purely upon social grounds, for, through no fault of her own, the heroine of this romance was of humble birth. To be exact, her father cobbled while her mother washed.

I first came into contact with her at a Sunday-school treat. Although but nine years of age, my devotion to the Sunday-school was an example to many of my seniors, and my class—I was a teacher, by the way, not a pupil—was held to be one of the best-managed in the establishment. It is obvious, therefore, that, on such an occasion as a Sunday-school treat, I should be expected to be much in evidence, and that is how I came into contact with my heroine. For the game was Blind Man's Buff; she was the Blind Man; and I, only too ready to be caught,

rushed impetuously into her arms and knocked her down. Tears on her part and a bruised forehead on mine helped to create a bond of sympathy between us; an intimacy sprang up that soon ripened; under the threats of my parents, into love, and one Sunday afternoon, after dinner, we eloped. She, I remember, wanted to elope before dinner; but I pointed out that I might, at dessert, contrive to secrete some provisions for the journey, and so gained a postponement of our departure.

We met at the Pear-Tree—a favourite spot of mine—and, with a praiseworthy display of sound common-sense somewhat unusual under similar circumstances, we proceeded to take stock of our worldly goods. She, dear little soul, had come provided with a piece of cake, two green apples, a French penny, and a hymn-book. I was charmed with her for bringing the hymn-book, and I am bound to say that the cake, though tasting slightly of soap, was distinctly palatable. I forbore to mention the peculiar flavour of the refreshment because I knew, of course, that her mother was a washerwoman.

I, in my turn, contributed two bananas, a lump of toffee, a post-card, and a piece of wire. One of the bananas had got squashed, but that was because I had to slip it quietly off the table during dessert and a servant trod on it. The toffee, I knew, was all right, as I had sampled it a good deal already. The value of the post-card was somewhat depreciated by the fact that it had the name and address of a brewer printed on the front of it; to tell the truth, I had found it in my father's waste-paper basket. However, the stamp was untouched.

Having discussed, in more senses than one, our supply of provisions, we turned our faces westwards and proceeded to climb the hill. It must, I think, have been a pretty sight—the picture of two youthful lovers toiling hand-in-hand toward the setting sun. I had a slight pain, I

remember, somewhere inside. I tried to think it was my heart, full of love, trying to burst from my breast and soar away on its own to brighter and purer regions. Unfortunately, however, the pain was too low down for a heart-ache, and I knew pretty well, from past experience, that the two green apples were resenting their premature burial.

At the top of the hill, we sat down beneath a flowering bush and listened to the mellow voices of the bells as they called, and called, and called us to evensong. She, I remember, regretted her absence from church; for my part, I thought that, next to the cake, the fact of getting off it was the most pleasing side to the adventure.

And so, presently, the sun went to bed over the edge of the world, black shadows began to creep around and point at us with long fingers, and a little, shivering breeze ran through the grasses of the field and the leaves of the trees. We got up, and began to walk further away from home, but presently she began to lag, lag behind me, until at last she stopped altogether, sank to the ground, and burst into tears. The situation, you will admit, was an awkward one. Advance, I could not; to retreat I was ashamed. I knelt down by her, put my arm around her, and I wouldn't swear that I didn't shed just a few tears on my own account.

They must have been very few, however, for, just at that moment, a shout came through the dusk, and a certain young man, who was in love with one of my sisters, bounded up and seemed quite delighted with himself for having found us. You will understand, I hope, that we told him nothing beyond the plain fact that we had eloped, and also that, when he was rude enough to laugh, I promptly kicked him on the shin. He was rather a dangerous person to kick under ordinary circumstances, but then, you see, I remembered that he was in love with my sister.

And here the story ends. As to the happenings when I arrived home, I shall say nothing. True love knows how to suffer just as it knows how to rejoice. I was, for the most part, silent, and, as far as possible, dignified. I am not quite sure what happened to her. I rather think they let her sit up to supper and gave her beer. However, no matter!

"I WAS :  
NINE ."



"Chicot"

Nov. 6, 1901

THE SKETCH.

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MRS. MAESMORE MORRIS,

NOW PLAYING THE TRUSTING COMPANION, MISS PINSENT, IN "IRIS," AT THE GARRICK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

## THE PARADOX OF THE PLAY

BY A CERTAIN DRAMATIC CRITIC.

THIS is, perhaps, a time not unapt to the chanting of some sort of a theatrical "Pollio." The dramatic world in England has grown very old and very rich and very soulless. Blessed with a barren wealth of intellect (strange but true), of popularity, of bricks and of mortar, it retains but one forlorn and necessary passion, and mumbles to itself the mathematics of sex. It is manifest by a thousand signs that there are ardent spirits here, there, and everywhere who believe some new birth to be at hand; and, indeed, mistake for such practically any phenomenon that may choose to appear. Let us, therefore, as an interlude to prophecy, meditate for a moment of what kind the new birth will, logically, have to be. In the first place, one may be sure of this, that it will be at variance with the hopes of most of its heralds, and, curiously enough, chiefly with the hopes of those—the brightest and best—who talk of "intellectual progress." Many of these excellent enthusiasts, feeding their minds upon the productions of literature—an art peculiarly adapted to be the instrument and mirror of such progress in actual life—imagine that the modern drama, whose characteristic among the arts is the physical presence and the concrete scene, must, to bring itself within the range of their one-eyed vision, march also down this necessary vista toward the pure idea. They blind themselves to this obvious fact, that our stage in all its essential possibilities not only faces, if one may use the word, in a direction exactly contrary to "intellectual progress," but has been moving in that opposite direction for centuries.

All the petty vogues and reputations of this or that decade are humorously trivial in comparison with this practical, irresistible, inevitable reaction. Childish in the days of Thespis and his eart, the drama is now not less, but infinitely more childish. It has less confidence in dealing with ideas; it has to get nearer to material actuality to create illusion.

Its clumsy conventions, all of which were appeals to the mind, have been and are being knocked away one by one, as mechanical inventions arrive. This kind of "progress" is, indeed, inevitable. Therefore, from it we may gain one certainty regarding the dramatist of the future. He will appeal less to the mind in his means of expression.

What, then, of that which he will express? Will that appeal to the reason more than heretofore? Hardly so. In the political economy of art, division of labour is no forgotten principle. Print has long ago established itself increasingly by every development of opportunity as the better vehicle for pure thought. In this case, what is true in extremes is also true in degrees. The mere law of the line of least resistance is enough to ensure that, in the future, in so far as a fiction shall appeal to the reason, just in so far will it prove more suited to the library than to the stage.

Can it be possible, then, that the drama will survive? Survive? It will flourish like a green bay-tree! Indeed, nearly all its present maladies may be proved to have been due to the ridiculous rivalry with literature that its best-endowed exponents attempt. On the other hand, nothing can take from the theatre its supremacy in exploitation of colour, animal magnetism, action, passion. So long as these things exist in the hearts and imaginations of the people, so long will they either enjoy, or wait for, a contemporary drama. One must say here "heart" and "imagination"—not "life"—for it is evident that all the effects of our real intellectual progress upon the life of the nation must tend to the suppression of just those things that the stage is peculiarly fitted to exploit. The increased competence of the street-corner policeman personifies the increased antagonism of the age towards practically every passion save that which is necessary to the propagation of the species and which has inevitably become the obsession of our modern English drama. The telephone, the penny post, and the newspaper increasingly tend to reduce the importance of animal magnetism to a minimum. Colour remains. That, however, is no special or very dear prerogative of the stage, but one that it merely shares with the picture-gallery.

This, then, is the state of things that the dramatist of the future will have to face. He will find himself possessed of an instrument perfected for the expression of all that is at enmity with the "progress of the race." While the novelist's field elaborates ever more and more as the characters of men and women advance in inexpressive and subjective subtlety, our now "nascent boy" who is to "see gods and heroes and be of them," so far as the drama is concerned, will find the actual life of our cities growing always less and less apt to stage-representation. In everything he will have to withstand the tide of contemporary thought. He will have to become a child in simplicity of emotion, a savage in the force of his passions. He will have to fill his mind, not with theories or words, but with outward forms and colours. He will have to forget how to argue, and learn how to imagine. He will have to take the grotesque very seriously, and to understand that Mr. Willie Edouin's eyebrow is more dramatically important than the psychology of "Iris." Above all, while his countrymen are successfully devoting their energies to the amelioration of existence, he will find particular joy in its remaining agonies.

The obvious conclusion to come to is, of course, that such a drama would fade in popularity, would lose touch with the life of the people, and become the impossible hobby of the few. Here, however, it is that the paradox of the drama's position completes itself and triumphs. The dramatist who thus pursues an aim entirely antagonistic to that of the golden age to come will find himself not less, but possibly more close to the hearts of men than the novelist, whose art will find in that age's intellectual advance an increasing nourishment.

## A CHILDREN'S SERVICE.

BY MISS NETTA SYRETT

(Winner of the *Playgoers' Club Competition*).

TO mention the Church of St. Paul at Antwerp is, generally speaking, to conjure up visions of *rococo* pulpits, all canopy, rock-work, and palm-trees; choir-stalls over whose realistic eighteenth-century carving the guide lashes himself into a frenzy of admiration; pictures, "after Rubens," full of sprawling limbs and inconsequential drapery; and last, though not least, an unspeakably tawdry and vulgar Calvary.

To me, thanks to one of those fortunate incidents which are the flowers of travel, St. Paul's has other and more gracious memories.

Wearied of the spectacle of damned souls writhing amidst flames of painted plaster, we were turning from the Calvary to the cloister into which it opens, when we were met by a stream of children. "But, yes, a service—a special service," explained our guide, and we turned and followed the procession into the church. Within, the broad nave was already half-filled with children and their mothers.

Each child carried a wand-like candle, white, chastely adorned with a single ring of painted flowers, or gorgeously striped with blue and red and sparkling with tinsel stars.

We had seen the candles hanging in the shop-windows during the week—strings of long, wonderful candles, and, in our Protestant ignorance, we had not understood their significance.

Now we knew. They were offerings to the Blessed Virgin; these, and marvellous baskets of golden flowers shaped like lilies.

It was the Month of Mary. Everywhere, in all the churches, we had seen her altar, hung with blue, and sometimes powdered with golden stars. Once or twice only the flowers with which it was decked had been real—rose-coloured azaleas and snowy daisies. But always, in every church, this temporarily erected altar to the Virgin made a glowing patch of colour. Here, in St. Paul's, it was set in the midst of the church, and before it, down the whole length of the nave, some standing on chairs, some on tiptoe, looking over one another's shoulders, crowded the children.

Many had already given up their candles, but others still came, in never-ending, irregular procession, through the big open door, up towards the altar of the Virgin.

Little girls, in frocks of that roseate plaid so dear to the Belgian heart, their flaxen pigtails tied with big ribbon bows; little boys, with belted pinafores, brown, sturdy legs above their short socks, and cropped heads like tow-coloured beaver; babies of two and three, toddling by elder sisters or held in their mothers' arms—one and all pressed with their offerings towards the fat, benevolent priest, who, walking up and down amongst the children, kept a lane clear for the newcomers.

The babies were especially charming: yellow-haired, white-clad little creatures, gazing, solemn-eyed and bewildered, at the smiling priest who came to rob them of the candles they grasped so firmly in both hands.

One of them, indeed, protested. To lose her striped candle was distracting enough, but when it came to the gilt basket—the basket full of golden lilies—which she held in the other hand! It was a moment of peril, barely averted by the adroit presentation of a devotional card in place of the glittering flowers.

At last, all the gilt bouquets were ranged before the image of Madonna; all the candles were, at last, placed round her altar; and, as the acolyte extended his wand towards them, as if by magic, little points of flame, faint in the sunshine, sprang to life between the flowers.

And then, suddenly, the organ began to play, and the children sang, mechanically, with preoccupied voices, while they examined the cards distributed by the priest—highly coloured pictures of the Mater Dolorosa, tearful, yet resplendent in draperies of green and pink.

The sunshine fell on hundreds of restless, uncovered heads, flaxen, brown, and gold; on white frocks, on pink and purple sashes, on bravery of hair-ribbon. It lay, too, in patches of pink and purple, on the stone floor, and on the plastered pillars under the big stained windows. The disfigured, tasteless church had become beautiful, filled with young, fresh life, with colour and clear light.

Presently there fell a silence; there was a movement in the crowd nearest the altar, and then a child's voice rang high and piercing.

We who stood in the background craned our necks to see, and there, on the blue-draped platform, at a level with the altar, stood a tiny girl, white-skirted, starched, and be-crimpled, addressing the Blessed Virgin, in Flemish that sounded almost vivacious.

Every time her little hand made the sign of the cross, the action was repeated at lightning speed by the whole congregation of children, and involuntarily one thought of the bowing of a field of young corn in a breeze.

As we passed out of the church into the mild spring sunshine, the small child was still apostrophising the Queen of Heaven, chanting her praises, recounting her marvellous virtues, and begging for I know not what mercies and favours on behalf of her special children, the children of Mary.

## TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

*The Title-page and Index of Volume Thirty-five (from July 24 to October 16, 1901) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.*

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I REFERRED a week or two ago to a remarkable book entitled "The Making of an American," by Jacob A. Riis, which Messrs. Macmillan are to publish on this side. I am interested to learn that Mr. Riis is one of the closest personal friends of the new President of the United States. His first book, "How the Other Half Lives," was read by Mr. Roosevelt, who immediately called on the author to see what could be done to alleviate the misery of New York's overcrowded tenements.

It says much for the hold which the personality of "R. L. S." still has upon the great book-reading public that quite six thousand copies of Mr. Graham Balfour's new biography have already been sold.

Mr. Egerton Castle has been interviewed, and, like most other people, has, in the process, been fathered with some fairly wild statements. He said, for instance, "My own opinion is that, if Balzac were to commence writing nowadays just as he did seventy years ago, he would not be able to find a publisher. 'Cut it short, Mr. Balzac,' the publishers would say; 'cut it short!'" Now, is this borne out by recent experience? Are not the two best-selling books of the day, "The Eternal City" and

themselves and to their parents. Both will read it with enjoyment, and both will profit not a little by the reading. It is, altogether, a book in many thousands.

Paul Bourget has written a new volume which is likely to create considerable sensation. In it he attacks the glorification of the family idea which plays such a part in French life, to the detriment of the individual and the individual rights. A French periodical, making this announcement, welcomes M. Bourget's return to these "very respectable and very Christian sentiments"!

Edmond Rostand has completely broken down in health, and has been compelled to live in the country and give up for the time being all ideas of dramatic or other literary work.

There seems to be another of those comic hitches, so dear to Parisians, in the formation of the Goncourt Académie. Goncourt's idea was to provide ten writers of merit who had fallen upon evil times with an annuity of six thousand francs. Unfortunately, the sale of his property did not realise enough to bring in this amount, and the Courts have decided that nothing can be done in the way of the Académie until the capital has reached a large-enough sum to procure these ten annuities.



THE EXPERT: *What makes you think she has one? I can hear nothing.*

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION FROM "LIFE'S" GIBSON CALENDAR, 1902."

"The History of Sir Richard Calmady," almost, if not quite, as long as many of Balzac's novels? Is it not the experience of the publishers at the present time that the public likes and demands quantity? There is, after all, a finely developed business sense in most people, and there is a growing demand in every kind of trade for "plenty for your money." It has certainly touched literature, though it need not be imagined that I suggest quantity as being incompatible with quality.

The next volume of the "Oxford Poets" will be a complete "Chaucer," edited by Professor Skeat. I understand that this excellent series has been remarkably successful. It has only met with its deserts.

I shall be much surprised if the year produces a more wholly delightful book than Ian Maclaren's "Young Barbarians." And I shall not be much surprised if Ian Maclaren repeats with this book the phenomenal success of his "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." For the first time, as far as I know, justice has been done in fiction to the Scottish boy, and, with the exception of Mr. Eden Phillpotts's charming volume, "The Human Boy," I know of no book in recent literature which can compare with "Young Barbarians" as a wholesome, honest, amusing, and altogether attractive picture of school-life. "Stalky and Co.," whatever its merits, certainly does not fulfil these conditions. Ian Maclaren's new book will appeal to two enormous classes—to boys

Some hundreds of poverty-stricken French authors are now busy giving advice to Goncourt's representatives as to the most profitable form of investment.

I am delighted to hear that the lady who has been so remarkably successful with the Birthday Greetings in the *Daily Chronicle* is to issue some of them in volume form. I always turn to these quotations with pleasant anticipation of finding something striking and apt, and I am never disappointed. Several of the collections have been veritable triumphs.

O. O.

#### "LIFE'S" GIBSON CALENDAR."

This is one of the most artistic productions in the way of calendars for 1902 that have yet found their way into *The Sketch* office. There is a world of humour in the drawing reproduced on this page, which illustrates the card for November. The grave look on the face of Dr. Cupid is in itself a whole bundle of essays on the greatest subject in "Life." For the warmer months, Mr. Gibson chooses, appropriately enough, seaside subjects, and his "Seen Anywhere Along the Coast" is particularly suitable for September musings. The Calendar is published in London by James Henderson and Sons.

## THE MUSKETEER CONCERT-PARTY.

*We are the Musketeers, Soldiers of Fortune we,  
And draw our long rapiers in the cause of chivalry.*

**S**O much interest is being taken in the successful Musketeer Concert-Party, now performing at the Oxford and Tivoli Music-Halls, that I am sure the portraits published on this page of *The Sketch* will appeal to many of my readers. Subjoined are a few details as to the various careers of these swashbuckling musicians.

Mr. James Blakeley is the youngest son of the late Mr. William Blakeley, who was a well-known actor for many years at the Criterion Theatre. The present Mr. Blakeley made his first appearance in the late Mrs. Nye-Chart's last pantomime, "Little Goody Two Shoes," at Brighton in 1891. Since then, he has been an Assistant Stage-Manager at the Criterion Theatre, has played in several pantomimes, and, before joining the "Musketeers," was associated with Clifford Essex's "Pierrots," with whom he had several times the honour of playing before the King when Prince of Wales. Mr. George Whitehead, who hails from Boston, received his musical education at the Conservatoire in Paris. He has been a member of the Royal Carl Rosa and "Moody Manners" Opera Companies as principal baritone, and has been twice to South Africa in the "Albani" concert tour.

Mr. Charles Baring studied singing at the Royal Academy of Music under Signor Randegger and Mr. Arthur Oswald. He has toured in South Africa with the Luscombe Searelle Opera Company as principal baritone, and latterly has been with Mr. George Edwardes's Company, playing the parts of Fairfax in "The Geisha," Goldfield in "A Gaiety Girl," and Diomed in "A Greek Slave." Mr. Reginald Groome has been well known to concert-goers for a considerable time as a popular tenor and composer of songs. He received his training at the Royal Academy of Music, and has sung at the "Monday Pops," the St. James's Hall Ballad Concerts, Crystal Palace Concerts, &c. Mr. Ivimey, who has composed and arranged most of the music for the "Musketeers," belongs to a musical family who have been well known in London for nearly half-a-century. He

has written several comic operas, two of which—"The Lady Lawyer" and "The White Blackbird"—have been produced in London. He is possessed of a wonderful memory, and plays the whole of the large répertoire of the "Musketeers" without the music. As an accompanist, he stands absolutely in the front rank.



De Treville (Mr. W. Ivimey).      Athos (Mr. R. Groome).      Aramis (Mr. G. Whitehead).      Porthos (Mr. C. Baring).      L'Artagnan (Mr. J. Blakeley).

THE MUSKETEER CONCERT-PARTY, NOW APPEARING WITH GREAT SUCCESS AT THE TIVOLI AND OXFORD MUSIC-HALLS.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



MR. REGINALD GROOME.  
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



MR. W. IVIMEY.  
Photo by Boughton, Lowestoft.



MR. CHARLES BARING.  
Photo by Hubert, Tunbridge Wells.



MR. GEORGE WHITEHEAD.  
Photo by Dufur Bros., Johannesburg.

MR. JAMES BLAKELEY.  
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

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MISS SPENCER BRUNTON AS "THE SPIRIT OF THE OLD STAGERS."

(See "The Sketch" Musical and Theatrical Gossip.)

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, LONDON AND DUBLIN.

## HORS D'OEUVRES.

*The Awakening of London—The Cabinet and Ping-Pong—Failure as a Road to Success—A Thousand Young Men in Society—“The New Yeoman”—The Cabman as a Social Barometer—Shall We Still Play Ping-Pong?*

“**M**RS. CHARLES SHOPPE-WALKER, who has been undergoing a ‘cure’ at Brummagem Villas, Lower Tooting, has returned with her suite to her town residence at Tortoiseshell View, Brondesbury” (*vide* the Society columns). In short, the world of fashion is slowly coming back to town. The “At Home,” the Concert, the Art Gallery are breaking out in all directions. There is once more a Church Parade. The half-guinea recital highway-robbing system has resumed operations. The skating-rink, which has hibernated all the summer (as someone happily expressed it), has lit up its midnight sun for its next six months’ artificial winter. At the Law Courts, people for the last couple of weeks have again been able to indulge in the pastime of ruining themselves in order to ruin somebody else. In fact, all the joyous life of London has fairly begun to bestir itself once more.

The Government have returned refreshed from the happy hunting-ground, and are now generally expected to hold a series of Cabinet Councils, dismiss somebody, reduce the number of members of Parliament, or do some solid, useful work of that sort of lasting benefit to the country. True, there is nothing particular for Cabinet Councils to do, and the Government can read the papers, and send the strategical articles out to Lord Kitchener, just as well on its country estate as in town. Still, Cabinet Councils look thoughtful, just like commissioners outside restaurants, even though they are just as useless. And cannot a pleasant hour be whiled away in Downing Street over “Ping-Pong” or Parlour Croquet, or—? But there! Government officials know a good deal more of these enjoyable methods of killing time than I can tell them.

Talking of dismissals, is it not the moral of the last few weeks that an officer cannot make a reputation better than by being superseded? He instantly becomes the hero of the music-halls, and is lauded as the one capable General in the Army by the grumbler that have called him an incompetent muddler ever since the War began; while the foreign Press, of course, worships the man who has fallen out with the brutal English Government. To young men anxious to succeed in life, I may recommend, as the quickest roads to success, losing the command of an Army Corps, failing to swim the Channel, being beaten in the races for

the America Cup, or trying unsuccessfully to lower a world’s record of some kind. King Alfred, as I have before remarked, bases his chief reputation on his failure to bake cakes properly. If Mr. Chamberlain were forced to resign his portfolio, the Opposition would say he was the least aggressive and most soberly and quietly useful member of the Cabinet.

A few figures bring home to us more clearly how hard Society is still hit by the absence of eligible young men at “the Front.” It has been calculated that there are six thousand people in London “Society” in its widest sense—Heaven knows on what principle, but let us accept the

figures for argument. Not more than a thousand of these could possibly be the young men who are Society’s most valuable factor. But in an Army of 250,000 serving at “the Front” it would be easy for this entire thousand to be absorbed. Of course, there would be some unfit (though recent descriptions of “the New Yeomanry” make this seem almost impossible), and a few—a very few—who did not care to go, though eligible young men are the very class who are most anxious to serve. But it is obvious now how obscure youths—not to say, rank outsiders—have worked their way for the moment into smart sets. Bitter will be their awakening when the War is over and the genuine Society young man comes back!

Foreign visitors—whose knowledge of the inner phases of London life is confined to the Tower, Westminster Abbey, and the hieroglyphics in the British Museum—might most easily ascertain the presence or absence of fashionable Society in the Metropolis from the attitude of its cabmen. In the Dog Days the unemployed cabby addresses the pedestrian in terms of servile flattery, and even proposes a reduction on the legal charges in return for the honour of conveying him in his cab. About this time of the year, his manner hardens in tone, until by the beginning of the Season he admits the fare under protest to his vehicle, as a suspect who can only prove his *bona fides* and leave

without a stain on his character by doubling the regulation standard of payment. As to occasions of a Jubilee type, the fare quite naturally sinks into the position of a suppliant and a grovelling inferior, who will submit to any amount of insult and extortion without a word.

“Ping-Pong,” it is said, will be threatened this winter by a novelty called “strokelet,” which appears to be a spavined form of billiards and unusually idiotic, even for a fashionable game. After all, what more athletic pastime does one want than roulette, where considerable muscular exertion is required in pushing counters on to the table, and, if possible, annexing the winnings of other people, while at “Bridge” is not the keeping of the score alone a feat which opens the pores freely? But “Ping-Pong” has obtained a hold of the nation difficult to undo.

HILL ROWAN.



MISS KITTY KEARY.

*A Photographic Study by Madame Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.*

"HEREIN FORTUNE SHOWS HERSELF MORE KIND THAN IS HER CUSTOM."



MISS EVA KELLY,  
Who plays smartly as Sadie Poulsen in "Kitty Grey."  
*Copyright Photo by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*



MISS OLGA BEATTY-KINGSTON,  
A Young Actress who has Understudied Miss Fay Davis.  
*Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*



MISS BERTHE SAVERNY,  
Ballad-Singer at the Alhambra.  
*Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.*



"DAN,"  
Who Discourses on "Usury" at the Pavilion nightly.  
*Photo by Mrs. Barton, Hartopp Road, Birmingham*



MR. TOM E. MURRAY,  
An American Comedian well known in the Provinces.  
*Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand*



MR. CHARLES BRYANT  
As Laurence Trenwith in "Iris," at the Garrick Theatre.  
*Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



MISS ETHEL WARWICK,  
As Katharine in "Katharine and Petruchio."  
*Photo by London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.*



MISS BEATRIX DE BURGH,  
On Tour with Mr. Forbes-Robertson.  
*Photo by Draycott.*  
(See "The Sketch" Musical and Theatrical Gossip.)



MISS HILDA TREVELYAN,  
Playing in "Two Little Vagabonds," at the Princess's Theatre.  
*Photo by London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.*

## SOME SPORTSMEN: THE POACHER.

**B**EYOND Waychester, the Whitewater goes in leisurely fashion to the ocean between the wide banks of a sea-wall which riparian owners have to keep in good repair—much to their regret. A thousand years ago, this district was in the hands of the Count of the Saxon Shore, whose duty it was to see that the pirates coming in their ships from the North did not harry the land. They were always cruising over the main, these, pirate-vessels, and, when they could find the Count napping, they would run up the estuary and land men to raid and burn and ravish as seemed good to them. To-day, the last Count of the Saxon Shore has been forgotten dust for centuries, the pirate-boats have vanished with their owners, and the only vessel that can be compared with them is a little sailing-boat whose solitary light is often seen burning o' nights above Heron Creek. Jake Wilse is the owner and skipper of this small craft, and he is the twentieth-century version of a pirate. In place of the Count of the Saxon Shore, he has to face the local policeman, and, instead of burning farmsteads and killing men and women, Jake Wilse raids marsh-lands that are common property, and other lands that are not, murdering hares, rabbits, partridges, and anything else that falls under the head of game and may be sold or eaten. He has two partners, one an old man who assists in the regulation and conduct of the boat, the other a fisherman who keeps a small shop in a village on the far side of the estuary, six or seven miles from the hunting-ground of this last of the pirates, and helps to dispose of the plunder.

Wilse has made a life-study of wind, weather, and tide; he knows to an hour the times when he may leave his boat for the marshes and lowland beyond, and when he must return to take advantage of an incoming tide or avoid being stranded by the ebb. Now, when the nights are long, he and his partner take their little vessel past the point where the estuary opens to the main, and proceed to a place that has been fixed for landing. Jake lands alone, with only his dogs for company; sometimes he takes his gun, but seldom has occasion to use it. The two lurchers will run hares down or to his nets, and return rabbits to burrows that he has netted; occasionally he waits for daylight and bags a few birds at break of morning, before the earliest labourer has reached the fields. The shooting about the marsh-lands is very rough but very good; belonging for the most part to farmers who can only indulge in sport now and again, it is not well looked after. Before the morning is aired and the earliest farm-hand has taken up his work in the fields, Wilse has spread sail and made for the village of his partner the fisherman, or is waiting in mid-river for the tide to help him.

The poacher is a clever fellow and a sober one withal. When the very cold weather brings the wildfowl into the estuary, he joins the fowlers, walking over the treacherous marsh in the flat wooden "waders" that are made in the village. Accustomed as he is to work in the dark, he scores very heavily in the cold, moonlit nights when the wind is coming hard in from the North Sea. During these nights, he is as respectable as a Justice of the Peace; but so soon as wind falls or weather breaks he is back at his old game, and he does not cease from his labours until the winter has given way to spring. Then the boat is dragged up a creek on to some shingle, and receives her spring-cleaning preparatory to taking her journey to the water-side village for the summer season. From April to September, Jake Wilse divides his time between fishing and plying for hire at the water-side, snapping up the few excursionists from the county town or neighbouring villages, and taking them for short sails, or, if there be no wind, accommodating a boat-load for half-a-crown an hour. His passengers would not imagine that they were in the hands of a daring and often reckless poacher; he is mild and polite; respectability has marked him for her own. He is never heard

using a profane expression, though I can testify to the strength and length of his vocabulary. For, one night, knowing that he purposed a raid upon my shooting, I and another waited for him, and, when he had netted five gates for hares, cut his nets to ribbons and fired over the heads of his lurchers.

As he passed the hedge that hid me on his rapid way to the boat, whose solitary light was promptly extinguished when the first gun-shot sounded, Jake Wilse was making the remarks he deemed appropriate to the occasion. They were as brilliant and as highly coloured as the Crystal Palace fireworks on the night of Brock's Benefit.

Fisherman, ferryman, and boatman in the summer, wild-fowler and poacher in the winter-time, Jake Wilse leads a very hard life, and might earn as good a living with less risk and exposure. But, as he has told me since we became friends, he cannot live off the water and cannot leave the district where he was born and reared. His father smuggled and fought the Excisemen; his grandfather was a sworn ally of the notorious Dick Turpin and gave him shelter on more than one occasion. Like his progenitors, he, too, must be an Ishmaelite and a sportsman. So he faces that icy estuary in hours when to stand in the open air is to freeze; he is content with a precarious living and a life that is harder than a cowboy's. Farmers could make things unpleasant for him if they wished; they might even cause him to appear before the Great Unpaid. But they take no action; he has done odd jobs for many of them in his time, and they are not hard-hearted. Moreover, they have in most cases let their shooting, so they have nothing to lose by his occasional excursions on to the land on the wrong side of the sea-wall. Though he has talked of the days when he will settle on the land, I know he will never see them, that he will die in harness, a strange, uncouth figure having no part in the stage of modern life, and related to it only in so far as he is a sportsman.—B.



"CHARLIE" MORTON'S MASCOT: THE PERSIAN CAT OF THE PALACE THEATRE.

#### A WESSEX BOOK.

Miss Gwendoline Keats's new book, "Tales of Dunstable Weir," will do something, I fancy, to strengthen her reputation as one of the most intensely tragic writers of the day, but is, on the whole, a disappointment to her admirers in that it leaves her achievement very much where it was. These tales are not pleasant reading—at times, indeed, they are almost morbidly

unpleasant. That they are powerful goes without saying. There is in all of them the pity of unexplained and inexplicable tragedy. It is not a little curious that both Mr. Hardy and Miss Keats have found in Wessex the most pitiful examples of pitiless fate, and that one leaves the stories of both writers weighed down with a sense of the unalterable stupidity of the government of the Universe. Miss Keats's dialect is the best "Zumerset" that we have had since William Barnes. I have noted only one slip throughout the book. A Wessex farm-hand would certainly not speak of "a tall lath of a boy of nine summers." By the way, is Miss Keats quite justified in making use of "Zack" as a farm-hand and a general ne'er-do-well to tell the stories? Everyone knows that Zack is a woman, and everyone knows that Miss Keats is not a farm-hand. Moreover, and this is, I think, a somewhat serious fault, Zack, the farm-hand, uses the striking and picturesque style of Miss Keats, speaking with a broad accent. This is fair neither to Zack nor to Miss Keats.

Competition is evidently working wonders in the Parisian Press. The *Petit Journal* and its rival, the *Petit Parisien*, have been compelled to enlarge their issues from four to six pages. Considering the expense of production in France in the way of paper and printing and the very small quantity of advertisements, this is almost a revolutionary move. It may explain the recent fall in the value of *Petit Journal* shares.

## SANDRINGHAM AND YORK COTTAGE:

WHERE THE KING WILL SPEND HIS BIRTHDAY AND THE DUKE AND DUCHESS ARE RESTING AFTER THEIR GREAT TOUR.

THIS week sees gathered together at Sandringham what is probably the happiest house-party in the three kingdoms, for the King and Queen, after having had the keen joy of welcoming home their dear son and daughter, and witnessing with what delight the Empire at large joined in their welcome, are settled down for a few days



ONE OF THE ENTRANCES TO THE HOME PARK, SANDRINGHAM.

*Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.*

of real rest in their much-loved Norfolk home, where King Edward the Seventh's first birthday as Sovereign of these realms will be solemnly kept on Saturday, amid the congratulations of friends and subjects from far and near.

A STATELY BRITISH HOME.

The whole Empire is well aware that Sandringham is, in a very special sense, the true home, not only of their Majesties King Edward and Queen Alexandra, but also of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, and of the latter's children. It may, however, be doubted whether even those who watch with sympathetic interest every detail, as it were, of the Sovereign's private life are aware of how great a part his Norfolk home plays in his and in his gracious Consort's existence. Sandringham was once styled "A happy British home, inhabited by a typical British family"; and of late years there has arisen, as if under the shadow of the "House," as it is called locally, yet another delightful and typically national country home, namely, York Cottage, where the Heir-Apparent and his Duchess spend their brief holidays.

TWO ROYAL FARMERS.

Of late years, the King's unaffected and eager interest in farming has been shared by the son, and during this week the tenants and labourers on the Sandringham estate can survey the, to them, very delightful sight of King Edward and his son once more tramping over the fields together and inspecting the live stock of which they are both so proud, for during many years past His Majesty has been a keen competitor at the various great national and local Agricultural Shows which have so excellent an influence on the agricultural prosperity of the kingdom. Nowadays it is difficult to believe that, when the Sovereign, as Prince of Wales, first settled down at Sandringham, the place was in a very bad condition, and, not content with making it a model estate from the ordinary agricultural point of view, His Majesty has seen that the Royal Hackney Stud at the Wolferton Farm should play, during the last thirty years, a considerable part in improving and keeping a high standard of horse-breeding throughout the country. Much sorrow is felt in the neighbourhood of Sandringham at the announcement that the last Royal Hackney Sale has been held.

YORK COTTAGE.

York Cottage was once described by the late Duchess of Teck, who had a keen sense of humour, as being especially "little and good"; it is certainly the least pretentious, and yet, perhaps, the cosiest, of minor Royal residences in the world, for it is, in spite of recent additions, almost exactly what its name implies, namely, a true English cottage. The rooms are low-ceilinged and picturesque in shape, opening into one another, while, outside, the long building, topped with an irregular line of gables, provides a touch of the picturesque delightful to their Royal Highnesses' more artistic visitors. At the time of the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, the Cottage, though an ideal spot for a summer honeymoon, was really too small

for its new occupants; and, two years later, a block or wing was built on, which greatly improved the existing building. Before that time, there were no private sitting-rooms in the house, but the Duchess has now a delightful boudoir, and the Duke is able to indulge in a game of billiards. A new dining-room was also added at the time, and, rather to the amusement of the public, it was announced that seven nurseries formed part of the new building; this, however, was not correct, for the nurseries are situated in the older part of the Cottage, and are particularly bright and charming rooms.

THE BOY WHO WILL BE KING.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York will find a great change in their eldest son, for Prince Edward during the last year has emerged from babyhood into boyhood. His newest accomplishment is riding, and he can also read fairly well. Probably no British child of his age knows at the present moment so much of what may be called Imperial geography as does the Prince, for the three elder children of the Royal travellers have followed day by day, on a large map, the triumphal progress of their parents, and it is pleasant to think that "the boy who will be King" has thus learnt in a particularly practical and delightful manner the vastness and loyalty of the English-speaking world. When at Sandringham, no day goes by without the Royal children paying their respects to King Edward and Queen Alexandra—indeed, it need hardly be said that a constant interchange of visits takes place between York Cottage and Sandringham House.

TWO BUSY HOME-LIVES.

Both Queen Alexandra and the Duchess of Cornwall and York, when living at Sandringham, lead very busy, well-filled lives; they both make a point of keeping in constant touch with their poorer neighbours, and Her Majesty pays frequent visits to the Girls' Technical School, established by herself some years ago, where spinning, fine needlework, knitting, and carving are excellently taught. A similar establishment, under the immediate patronage of King Edward, exists for boys connected with the estate, and here some very fine metal-work and admirable carving are generally to be seen. The Duchess of Cornwall and York is herself a very good craftswoman, her poker-work being noticeably artistic and successful. Everywhere on the estate are touching proofs of King Edward's great affection and reverence for his beautiful Consort; particularly charming, for instance, is the row of picturesque "Alexandra Cottages," forming a prominent object in West Newton, one of the villages which are the King's private property; and it not unfrequently happens also that some members of the Royal party attend service at West Newton Church, instead of what is now a world-famous Royal fane, St. Mary Magdalene's, Sandringham. At West Newton, also, is one of the most interesting Club-houses in the world, for it was specially built by the present Sovereign for the accommodation of his labourers and tenants, and it is a significant fact—one which should be noted by our over-temperate friends—that, while wine and spirits are not allowed to be sold on the premises, a member can slake his thirst each day with a pint of beer. Just now it is interesting to recall the fact that the Club was first used on the then Prince of Wales's birthday in 1884.

A DELIGHTFUL NEIGHBOURHOOD.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra are fortunate in their neighbours, who in almost every case are also their friends. Lord and Lady Farquhar inhabit Castle Rising, formerly the property of the Duke of Fife. Of course, all the country in that part of the world has greatly changed during the last two or three hundred years, and the verse written by some eighteenth-century wit is now applicable to neither of the two picturesque spots mentioned—

Rising was a seaport town when Lynn was but a marsh;  
Now Lynn it is a seaport town, and Rising fares the worse.



SANDRINGHAM HOUSE, WEST FRONT.

*Photo by Ralph, Dersingham.*

YORK COTTAGE, WHERE THE ROYAL TRAVELLERS  
ARE RESTING AFTER THEIR PROLONGED TOUR.



THE DINING-ROOM.



THE BILLIARD-ROOM.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH, DERSINGHAM.

YORK COTTAGE, WHERE THE ROYAL TRAVELLERS  
ARE RESTING AFTER THEIR PROLONGED TOUR.



A PRETTY VIEW OF YORK COTTAGE, SHOWING THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK TO THE LEFT.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALL, BAKER STREET, W.



INCANTATION.—By HERBERT HORWITZ.

FROM AN ENGRAVING PUBLISHED BY LANDEKER AND BROWN, LONDON, E.C.

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CAPTIVE.—By HERBERT HORWITZ.

FROM AN ENGRAVING PUBLISHED BY LANDEKER AND BROWN, LONDON, F.C.



AN IMPRESSION OF MR. HENRY J. WOOD (QUEEN'S HALL)  
CONDUCTING THE MARCH FROM "TANNHÄUSER."

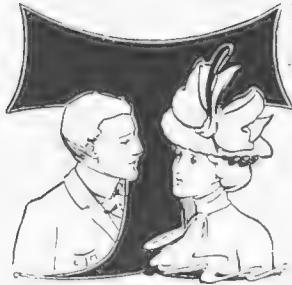


A TIP FOR THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## A TUFT OF ORCHIDS.

BY CLO. GRAVES.



HE story begins in the coffee-room of the Westbeach Hotel, where General Vandall, late commanding the 3rd Chowringhee Chargers, now retired *vice* Featherleigh, his senior Major, sat at breakfast with his son Peltoe, who had recently quitted Cambridge and was reading for the Bar. A greater contrast than that presented by the fine old Indian warrior and his son and only child cannot be imagined. For the General was over six feet in height, broad-chested and stalwart; Peltoe was pale, five-feet-six, narrow-chested, and with sloping shoulders of the champagne-bottle type. The Colonel's skin was bronzed, his sweeping moustache was white, from under bushy black eyebrows his hawk-eyes looked out piercingly, and his profile was of the boldest Roman type. He dressed with severe military plainness, and the tightness of his trousers bespoke the old cavalryman; whereas his son wore coloured linen and a suit of tweeds in which strange and bizarre hues mingled. Even in their appetites the father and son were dissimilar, for, while Peltoe toyed languidly with an egg and muffin, the General had disposed of three broiled kidneys, and now, having poured out his third cup of coffee, he was vigorously spreading marmalade on toast.

"This sea-air gives a *deuce* of an appetite," he observed, as he encountered his son's pale-grey eye.

"You had one when you came down," Peltoe observed. "I don't remark any difference."

"No? By the way, you don't seem to get on, my dear fellow," said the General. "Perhaps I ordered things you don't much fancy. When you and I have seen a little more of each other, we shall fit in better, don't you know. At present, I'm rather out." He put up his eyeglass. "God bless me, my boy! I wish I knew whom you were like! Nobody in my family, nobody on your poor mother's side that I can call to mind. . . . I wish I had seen a little more of you when you were a boy."

"You wouldn't have liked it," said Peltoe.

The General felt that there might be some truth in the remark.

"Perhaps not—perhaps not!" He lighted a huge Partaga, and took up the paper which the waiter had just placed at his side. "'List of arrivals,'" he quoted. "The hotel seems uncommonly full. Sir Frederick Ouswill, K.C.S.I., and the Misses Ouswill—I knew the old man when he was Commissioner for Mandalay. As for those girls, the youngest is forty, and they've trotted round the globe since they were in their teens, looking for husbands. 'Judge Cobley'—if that's the Poona man who pronounced his own *decree nisi* in '98, in the absence of the regular Divorce Court Judge, I shall not be surprised. The world's uncommonly small. 'Hugoson—Mrs. Hugoson and Miss Sylvia Hugoson.' Now, there is another name I have reason to know, and, upon my word . . . My dear Mrs. Hugoson, is it really you?"

And the General sprang up as briskly as a boy, as a fair, handsome, high-bred-looking woman in black, accompanied by a pretty, brown-haired, hazel-eyed girl of seventeen, rose to leave a neighbouring table.

"Major Vandall!" Mrs. Hugoson cried, giving the old warrior both her white, jewelled hands, to shake and shake again. "General now. How stupid of me not to remember! And how nice of you to know me at once—after all these years!"

"Should have known you anywhere. By George, it's not possible to mistake you! Why, your walk would distinguish you amongst a million women," the General declared. "And is this tall young lady really the baby I used to know?"

"Sylvia," said her mother, as the girl lifted her hazel eyes demurely and dimpled in a smile; "actually Sylvia, whom you used to pet as a twelvemonth-old tot, grown up, and as tall as her mother."

"Should say it was incredible if I hadn't a card of the same sort in my own hand."

Peltoe got up as his father beckoned, and went through the ceremony of introduction with languid composure, nodding elegantly to either lady, and saying, "How d'ye do?"

"He looks pale." Mrs. Hugoson turned a maternal glance upon the pasty features of the young man. "You are here for the sake of his health?"

"Upon my word," admitted the General, "I believe we are here for the sake of mine! Eh, my boy?"

Peltoe nodded. "Liver and other Anglo-Indian things," he explained, indicating his parent; "though you would hardly think it to look at the Pater."

"I certainly should not!" said Mrs. Hugoson warmly. Then she mentioned that she was going for a walk upon the Pier, and the two ladies went away to put on their hats, while the General and Peltoe waited in the vestibule.

"Nice sort of woman, rather," observed Peltoe, as he lighted a cigarette.

"Charming!" The General uttered the word emphatically, as he nipped the end off a fresh cigar.

"Must have been a pretty girl—What?" said Peltoe.

"A lovely girl!" acquiesced the General. "I met her at Simla," he said reflectively, "sixteen years ago. She had been married about three years to Hugoson, of the Bays. Haw!—hum!" He coughed and twisted the great moustache.

"Hugoson was, between ourselves, rather a bad hat. Played high, drank hard, made love to other women, and neglected his wife. She was very much admired, and, under such circumstances, another sort of girl might have kicked over the traces. She kept straight." His keen eyes shone with a softened light, he heaved a broad-chested sigh, and bit hard on his Partaga. "She was a woman to live for and to die for."

"Sixteen years ago," said Peltoe, with a cool little sneer.

"Sixteen years ago!" said the General. "Bless me, it seems like yesterday! And here she comes with her hat on. The only woman I ever met who could put on a hat in less than three-quarters of an hour!"

A week or two slipped away, and General Vandall and his son were much in the society of Mrs. Hugoson and her pretty daughter. They sailed in the bay, they drove to various points of interest in the neighbourhood, they perambulated the Esplanade and patrolled the Pier to the music of the local band, whose strictly classical programme caused Peltoe intense if hidden suffering, which Miss Sylvia Hugoson, walking demurely by his side, detected and delighted in.

"He is such a limp young man, Mammy!" she said to her mother. "And the more he sucks his umbrella-handle, the limper he seems to grow. Can he be the dear old General's son *really*, or was he changed at a Kindergarten by mistake? There must be something wrong somewhere."

"He is like his mother, dear," returned Mrs. Hugoson quietly. "She was a whity-brown kind of woman, I remember, who had no opinions—except about other women, and servants. And he has lived with relatives in England all his life, and seen comparatively nothing of his father, who is really not a 'dear old' man, darling. Why, he cannot be more than fifty-six!"

Sylvia had her own opinion as to the amount of veneration due to the age of fifty-six, though she said nothing but—

"Was he very handsome, Mammy, when you knew him years ago?"

"I thought him old, then," said Mrs. Hugoson, laughing; "for I was a mere chit, and he was forty. But he was then *as now*, a magnificent specimen of manhood."

"And Peltoe looks as though he had been grown in a cellar and fed on silkworms," said Sylvia, with a little grimace; "and when we were walking on the cliffs yesterday, and the General jumped over that high stile and then offered you his hand, Peltoe climbed over very carefully and then sat down with his back to me. 'Thought I'd give you a lead,' he said. And when we met some cows on the way up to the Flagstaff, he turned pale, or, at least, pasty, and changed sides, I verily believe, just to get me between him and the poor, harmless old crumpies."

"He is a modern young man, darling, of the studious, unathletic kind. And all men can't be soldiers. And his father is devoted to him. He tells me that he has a genius for jurisprudence and will do wonders at the Bar. And—Sylvia, I should like you to be kind and nice to him, for the General's sake."

And Mrs. Hugoson sighed a little and smiled a little, for the General's desire that Peltoe should find favour in the eyes of Sylvia was to her a sign that nothing remained of the romance of old but a pleasant memory; while at that moment the General was saying—

"I wish, my dear fellow, that you would manage to look a little more alive when you're in the society of that charming girl! A dead cod on a fishmonger's slab, I give you my word, couldn't convey a plainer idea of absolute apathy!"

"Why, hang it, Pater!" Peltoe protested, "what do you want me to do? Men don't ogle women and strike attitudes as they did in the era of Beau What's-his-name. And in these days of tennis and golf and bicyclin', girls have got to be independent. They're proud of lookin' after themselves, and holdin' their own with the men—and all that sort of thing."

"Confound it!" shouted the General; "it is not a question of bodily inferiority, sir! It's a question of chivalry, of manners, of politeness, of—of decency! As for holding her own with you, Miss Sylvia could outride you, outrun you, outjump you, outwalk you, and outswim you without turning a hair. I'm sorry to say it, my dear fellow—"

"Don't mind me!" said Peltoe. "Miss Sylvia is quite welcome. I don't trade on my muscles," he added, ending with his pale smile—"This is the Age of Brains, not the Age of Brawn."

"Nor shall it be the Age of Incivility," said the General rather grimly, "as long as I am here to enforce my views upon the question of due courtesy to ladies; not by *argumentum bacu*—what d'ye call it—



E. D. HULGSON.

"Whatever are ye drinkin' a' that watter for?"  
"I'm jist makin' a wee drap grog."  
"Grog! Whar's yer whusky?"  
"I took that last nicht, ye ken!"

you're too old for thrashing, unfortunately!—but by controlling the exchequer. I hold the key of the pay-chest, remember, my boy, and, in spite of ‘liver and other Anglo-Indian things,’ there’s a good deal of life in the old dog yet. Haw!—hum!” And the General vigorously twisted the tremendous moustache.

“I’m sure I’m amenable to anything you wish,” the young student of jurisprudence amended hastily. “What do you want me to do? Fetch and carry, dance attendance, and so on? Miss Sylvia will be awfully bored, but I’ll do my best.”

“Thank you, my boy; thank you!” the General said, putting his brown, sinewy hand on Peltoe’s narrow shoulder. Then he added, “I wish I could see you married, my dear fellow, to a girl as sweet and good as Miss Sylvia.”

“There are lots about—,” Peltoe was beginning, and then he saw the General’s drift. “You want me to propose to her—really? You want us to be engaged? Why, of course, if you are so set on it!”

The General roared with laughter.

“Do you think her mother’s daughter is to be got for the mere asking? Upon my word, my boy, I believe you’re either a confoundedly subtle humorist or an infernal young—” He broke off. “We’ll shake hands on the bargain that you do your best to make yourself agreeable, and pay the necessary *petits soins*, and so forth. I’d give a good deal to see a grandchild of mine with those eyes,” the General said, and he did not refer to Peltoe’s.

Thenceforth, Peltoe’s attentions to Miss Sylvia Hugoson became marked—for Peltoe.

“He is awfully funny when he is polite,” said Sylvia in confidence to her mother. “He hands me a chair as though it were a milestone, and fetches me a cushion or a kitten or a cup of tea with an air as though he were astonished at himself. He paid me a compliment yesterday. When I asked him whether he didn’t think there were a great many pretty girls down here, he said, ‘I’m not thinking about pretty girls—I’m thinking of you!’” And Sylvia’s laugh rang out like a peal of silver bells. “Oh, Mammy, he is so stupid and so wrapped up in himself!”

“Dear,” pleaded her mother, “are you quite sure you could never care about him as girls care for their sweethearts? Sylvia, the General has spoken to me. He has set his heart upon a match between you and Peltoe, and his heart is so great and true and kind, I should be sorry to wound it—”

“Mammy, tell me, would you marry Peltoe just to please his father?” asked the girl with sudden seriousness.

“Ah, no! No, of course, my dearest!”

“If Peltoe were the father and the General the son, I should curtsey and say, ‘Yes, thank you.’ But,” said Sylvia, with a dimple showing near her pretty chin, “I know I should never be fond of my papa-in-law!”

Mrs. Hugoson laughed, and then sighed.

“Let the young man down as gently as you can, Sylvie, if he says anything—particular—to-day.”

“Oh, the cunning old General!” cried Sylvia. “Is that why he has asked us to picnic at Lulworth Chine?”

“Well, dear,” said the mother placidly, “it is a pretty place!”

“Peltoe would spoil the Garden of Eden,” was Sylvia’s response. And really, Peltoe, in a suit of tan-coloured tweeds, chosen to match the colour of his hair, with knickerbockers emphasising the absence of his calves, a check golfing-cap, and a green necktie, was not a romantic object. The General viewed him with sore dismay.

“Where does the boy buy his clothes?” he muttered, as, luncheon over, he watched the attentive Peltoe obediently squiring Sylvia, Sylvia ravishingly dressed and radiant with mischievous coquetry under the loveliest of hats.

“Where are they going?” asked Mrs. Hugoson.

“Down to the Chine, I believe,” said the General. “My dear lady, I sent them off on purpose. You know I wanted an opportunity for the boy to say to your daughter what I wish to heaven I had had the chance to say to her mother years ago.”

“Ah, my dear friend, it is useless!” said Mrs. Hugoson, as the General’s white moustache touched the hand he had taken in his own. “She does not love him—never could love him. There is no sympathy between my child and your son—strange as it seems to say it. Come, let us follow them.”

And they did. Lulworth Chine, as all visitors to Westbeach know, is a deep, heavily wooded canon about a mile long, at the bottom of which runs a river, foaming over jagged rocks. Beautiful ferns and orchids grow in the precipitous sides of the cleft, watered by the tinkling sprays and the foam of the torrent, and the gathering of these is attended with a certain amount of danger—as Peltoe reminded Miss Hugoson when that young lady saw and coveted a delicate tuft of pale-yellow blossoms that grew in a crevice down below.

“They’re only weeds, don’t you know,” said Peltoe; “and the man who tried to get them would run what I call a pretty near chance of breaking his neck—not of knocking out his brains against those rocks in the water down there, because the kind of man who does that sort of thing wouldn’t have any.” He smiled, pleased with his own wit. “And I hope you’ll let me bring you a bouquet—regular hothouse orchids, properly wired—this evening, since you’re so fond of them.”

A smothered roar startled the young people. They turned. There stood the General, pale with anger, in his eyes a look of contempt beneath which poor, unheroic Peltoe visibly quailed.

“Excuse me! Do I understand,” asked the General, that terrible

gaze fixed upon his son, “that Miss Sylvia wished for a flower that is growing down there, and that you, my son—*my son*—have refused to procure it for her?”

“I—I—,” Peltoe began; but his voice trailed away in a whimper. “How can a man do what isn’t to be done? It’s sheer suicide—to go down there.”

“Hold my hat and stick!” said the General sternly.

“Oh, General, no!” pleaded Sylvia. “I don’t care for the flowers. I don’t, indeed!”

“Look here, Pater,” began Peltoe; but the General cut him short—

“Sir, you are a coward, though you are my son! Madam”—he turned proudly to Mrs. Hugoson—“I beg you, for the honour of my name, to ask me for those flowers.”

“Oh, General!” said Mrs. Hugoson, blanching and shuddering after a glance into the depths, “I cannot!”

“Anne, I beg of you, ask me for those flowers!” pleaded the General, looking in her eyes.

“Please fetch me them, General,” said Mrs. Hugoson obediently, but white as death. And the gallant old General went down, and, after a breathless interval of suspense, came up again, scratched and dirty and blown, and with his rather tight-fitting coat split across the shoulders, but with the yellow orchids in his hand, and so pleased was he with his exploit that he presently pardoned Peltoe.

“Perhaps I was hard on you,” he said, later on. “You’ve been brought up by your mother’s people, and brought up soft. But a man who’s afraid to risk his bones doesn’t stand much chance with women”—the General nodded gravely across the dinner-table—“and I am afraid your love-affair is off, my boy.”

Peltoe drank port, a queer little grin on his pasty face.

“But yours being well on, sir,” said this student of jurisprudence, “you haven’t any reason to complain.”

There was a short silence. Then the General spoke: “We are to join the ladies after dinner. If Mrs. Hugoson wears those yellow orchids, I shall ask her to marry me.”

And he did, and Mrs. Hugoson said “Yes”!

## WHEN FIRST I DROVE A MOTOR CAR.

When first a motor-car I drove  
I never shall forget it—  
The gods, myself included, strove  
Their hardest to upset it.  
*They* found the sport distinctly good,  
*My* daily scares were horrid,  
And dire anticipation stood  
In beads upon my forehead.

I soon began to hate my kind—  
But little love was wasted—  
I gloated in the fragrant wind  
I scattered as I hastened.  
When twilight couples wandered near,  
Their nerves got rudely shaken,  
They thought, perhaps, that I could steer,  
That’s where they were mistaken.

All horses froze me with alarm,  
I flew to tap and lever,  
They ambled by in lofty calm,  
While I was in a fever.  
At night I ached from heel to crown,  
My organs palpitated,  
And when to sleep I lay me down,  
The very bed pulsated.

But that’s all over. Now, I feel  
That motoring is a pleasure,  
One hand rests on the steering-wheel,  
The other lies at leisure.  
I wear my ordinary face,  
No quadrupeds deride me,  
And demoiselles in silk and lace  
Sit daintily beside me.

JESSIE POPE.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to “The Sketch,” 198, Strand, London.

## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

"SHEERLUCK JONES," AT TERRY'S.

**O**F the many threatened travesties of Sherlock Holmes, especially as the famous crime-investigator as presented by Mr. Gillette at the Lyceum, the first to appear was the skit given at Terry's a few nights ago. This travesty follows the revised and improved farcical comedy, "A Tight Corner," at ten sharp, and is the joint work of



GERMAN PLAYS AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL: ELSA GADEMANN, WHO PLAYED THE NAME-PART IN "THE SKYLARK" LAST WEEK.

*Photo by H. Traut, Munich.*

Mr. Malcolm Watson, the "Drama of the Day" man of the *Daily Telegraph*, and another equally well-known theatrical journalist, who bills himself as "Edward La Serre," for the nonce.

These collaborative parodists have shown both alertness and judgment in their selection of burlesque material from Conan Doyle and William Gillette's "flash-light melodrama," as one may call it, a play which, with the exception of Mr. Gillette's splendid study of Holmes, is not too great a specimen of its class. Anyone with a sense of humour and an eye for humorous effects would be pretty sure to "spot" (as the modern locution has it) many of the points that would be seized upon by the more or less irreverent parodist. Messrs. Watson and La Serre, however, while having carefully snapshoted certain incidents and "effects," including, of course, Mr. Gillette's patent flashes and lightness and darkness—to mark the divisions of his Acts withal—have also added many quaint bits of original business and dialogue that tend to heighten the mock "cunning of the scene."

Take, for example, the vaccination "danger-signal" worn by Sheerluck Jones's aider and abettor, John Toandfroman; the description of "Professor" Moriarty-MacGillieuddy as "the Lipton of Crime"; the inopportune arrival of the collector, who threatens to cut off the gas with which, in their Stepney "bashing"-den, Moriarty and his myrmidons have arranged to asphyxiate their ubiquitous foe, Sheerluck; and Sheerluck's defiant paralysing of his would-be annihilators while he (as one may put it) "kodakually" snapshots them all for *The Sketch*!

These points and many other droll touches of the parodists' are excellently brought out by the players, who, although including "none of name," as the haughty gentleman says in Shakspere, display a fine sense of burlesque-melodrama and of mimicry. Mr. Clarence Blakiston, as Sheerluck Jones, reproduces Mr. Gillette's dreamy and often smileless Holmes with striking exactitude, plus the harmless, necessary touch of exaggeration. As to appearance and make-up, Mr. Blakiston might, at a moment's notice, cross to the Lyceum stage in place of Mr. Gillette and not be detected for some time. Mr. J. Willes's Moriarty-MacGillieuddy is a close but comical imitation of Mr. W. L. Abingdon's rather strongly marked melodramatic method, and high praise is merited by the John Toandfroman of Mr. J. Egerton Hubbard, the Dr. Rotson of Mr. Carter Pickford, the Madge Scarabee of Miss Alice Powell, the

James Scarabee of Mr. Russell Norne, and especially the Alice Baulkner of Miss Gordon Lee, daughter of Miss Jennie "Jo" Lee. The travesty—a welcome return to the little burlesque dramas of former times—has had the advantage of being "produced" for Mr. Yorke Stephens by that true humorist, Mr. James Welch.

The parodists in question, who describe their smart skit as "a dramatic criticism in four paragraphs," are careful to announce—after the careful fashion adopted by the Lyceum Management—that "No one arriving after ten o'clock, and very few seated before that hour, can possibly understand the plot of the piece."

"DIE HAUBENLERCHE" ("THE SKYLARK"), AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

A large audience assembled at St. George's Hall, on the opening night of the Season of German plays, to welcome back the old favourites who were so successful at the Comedy Theatre last year. The piece produced was "Die Haubenlerche," by Ernst von Wildenbruch, but it is by no means a typical work of this dramatist, who has made his name in Germany by his plays dealing with Court life—exalting the Hohenzollern dynasty. In this instance, Wildenbruch has followed in the footsteps of Sudermann, and gives us a peep into the intimate family life of a German household. Elsa Gademann played the part of the young girl, Lene (nicknamed "The Skylark"), with the vivacity and freshness which always characterise her acting. Lene, the daughter of poor people, has, by her gaiety and youthfulness, captivated August Langenthal, an influential and wealthy man of more or less Utopian ideas. He is much beloved by the work-people in his factory, and it never enters his head that Lene would not desire to be his wife. Indeed, she consents, urged by her mother and uncle, who are, of course, fully alive to the material advantages resulting from the marriage. But August Langenthal, sixteen years her senior, is almost obtrusively good and serious, and her affections are bestowed on Paul Ilfeld, a light-hearted workman in the factory. Within a fortnight of the wedding, Lene feels she cannot carry out her promise, and the inevitable *dens ex machina* appears in the form of August's ne'er-do-well younger brother, who, while pretending to facilitate the reunion of Ilfeld and Lene, persuades her to come to his rooms at night, where he falls lamentably short of the trust the girl has placed in him. Needless to say, however, he is frustrated, and Lene is set free to marry the man she loves. Hans Andresen, playing the part of Langenthal, was particularly good in the scene, where he endeavours to coax his shrinking bride to evince a slight affection for him. Max Eissfeldt (a newcomer, I believe) played with great verve and go the young harum-scarum. Max Behrend, Josefine Dora, and Georg Worlitzsch were not so much to the fore as on previous occasions, their parts affording them less scope than usual. This was particularly the case with Worlitzsch, who had few opportunities of raising the laugh which his amusing acting nearly always secures.



GERMAN PLAYS AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL: HANS ANDRESEN, WHO PLAYED AUGUST LANGENTHAL IN "THE SKYLARK."

*Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*

## MISS BEATRICE DE BURGH,

who is now playing the Queen in "Hamlet" and other "heavies" with Mr. Forbes-Robertson on tour, went on the stage as soon as she had left the Convent of Les Dames de Marie in Malines, where she was educated, but, after a short period of good and useful work, she was compelled to leave the stage to return home to nurse her mother. Two years later, she joined Mr. Forbes-Robertson at the Lyceum Theatre, to understudy and play small parts, and since then has done some excellent work at the Avenue and Criterion Theatres, as well as much writing for magazines and playing in and producing more than one play from her own pen.

## AS SOON AS MISS ELLEN TERRY

returns from her present visit to the United States, she intends to collaborate with her friend, Miss Aimée Lowther, on the translation of "L'Arlesienne," which is to be produced at the Lyceum Theatre. Should her health permit, Miss Terry also purposed giving a special week at the pretty little theatre at Stratford-on-Avon of Shaksperian performances shortly after Easter.

## MR. HENRY E. DIXEY,

whose clever performances were quite the best "turns" in the ill-fated "Whirl of the Town," at the new Century Theatre, is to appear as a "star" turn at the Empire within the next few weeks.

Our latest portrait of Miss Enid Spencer Brunton, the actress who did such excellent service with Mr. Hare, Mr. Penley, and other leading actor-managers, depicts that beautiful young lady as she appeared at the Old Stagers' Sixtieth Season at Canterbury. The character is that of

## "THE SPIRIT OF THE OLD STAGERS,"

and in it Miss Spencer Brunton, attended by General Sir Henry De Bathe, Mr. Drummond, Mr. A. Spalding, Lieutenant-Colonel Newnham Davis, &c., artistically and touchingly delivered these lines—

Sixty years old ! The months go slipping by.  
We meet and greet and part, and parting, sigh  
For sweet lost days and dear old faces gone ;  
Yet smile again to find we're not outworn.  
Old kindnesses to aid us gain our ends,  
Old welcome for old faces from old friends.  
Sixty years old ! They were a joyous band  
Who first around this banner took their stand :  
Comedy, farce, or tragedy essayed,  
Wearers of triple brass, of naught afraid.  
Some of that band are round me still to-day ;  
Veterans now, they still join in the lay  
That sets all hearts a-beating as we sing  
The Anthem of our land, "God Save the King!"



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS PAULA TANQUERAY,

IN "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY," AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

From Photographs by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

Mr. Lewis Waller will, I gather, adhere to his resolution which I mentioned to *Sketch* readers some time ago—namely, to choose for his next production the new version of

## "RUY BLAS"

prepared for him by the poet, Davidson. Mr. Waller postponed this piece owing to its containing a Don César character such as he had played so recently.

When "Two Little Vagabonds"—most dramatic of dramas now before the public—shall have run its fresh course at the Princess's, it will be followed by

## "THE SHADOW DANCE."

This, it will be remembered, is a new adaptation by Mr. Ben Landeck of Hugo's great story, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Mr. Charles Cartwright will, of course, play the Hunchback—one of his finest impersonations.

## MDLE. BERTHE SAVERNY,

who is engaged to sing at the Alhambra this month, is a Parisian who has already made her mark in grand and comic opera. Gifted with a charming, well-trained voice, a good ear for music, and an attractive stage-presence, it is quite reasonable to believe that Mdle. Saverney will make as many friends in London as she has made on the Continent, and will be added to the small list of talented singers who are a certain attraction on the programme of the best variety theatres.



MISS KATHERINE STEWART AS MRS. CORTELYON,

Miss Olga Beatty-Kingston is the daughter of the late distinguished journalist, H. Beatty-Kingston, so long the honoured Berlin Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, and subsequently a learned writer on all musical subjects. Miss Beatty-Kingston has already achieved celebrity and won golden opinions from all sorts of playgoers both for her graceful dancing and her artistic acting, so much so that there is every reason to predict a bright and prosperous histrionic career for this charming daughter of our dear dead friend.

## MISS HILDA TREVELYAN'S

first stage experience was gained in musical comedy. She is now appearing in "Two Little Vagabonds," at the Princess's Theatre.

## MISS EVA KELLY

is another of those bright and brainy damsels whom America has been sending us so lavishly. Miss Kelly's performance in "Kitty Grey," at the Apollo, is so arch and in every other way attractive that her career will be watched with interest by all English playgoers.

## MR. TOM MURRAY

started the more or less gentle Art of Acting at a very early age—sixteen, in point of fact—in the United States. Next Christmas this genuine and original droll will figure in the pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

**T**O see the well-dressed throng at last week's Sandown made it difficult to realise that the month was October. As far as frocks and frills went, it might have been the Season. But then the question arises, Is there a Season any longer? A dozen years ago, for instance, or even less, Town, as far as Society went, was an uninhabited



[Copyright.]

THE FIRST-PRIZE DRESS AT COVENT GARDEN BALL.

Sahara in late autumn and winter. Smart carriages were few and far between, for smart people were in the country; theatres were supported by country-cousins or the solid and unornamental citizen; while Bond Street and the Park were null and void, as far as light and leading went, from the 1st of August even unto April. Now it really seems as if the Season, in its classic sense, is being made to extend over nine months of the year, while the regular country life in which our immediate forbears indulged for the same period has likewise gone the way of disused ideas amongst the leisured of this island. Instead of all this, crowds of wealthy unemployed nowadays fluctuate backwards and forwards between Town and country—or should one not say between Town and other countries?—with the untired activity of Solan geese or swallows, skimming here, there, and everywhere, as the fancy takes them, in a way which would have made stand erect the very false "fronts" of our grandmothers. In a word, there are no longer any dividing-lines, social or geographical, in our up-to-date system. Motors annihilate space, as money levels hereditary barriers, and we are all living in a subversion of the ancient order and a general hurly-burly caused by the modern influx of wealth to which that biblical excitement in the desert when Israel set up its golden calf must have been a trifle.

The manner of dress in motors one observes is, by the way, improving. There are new automobile-coats of waterproofed cashmere and other soft materials which are as smart as may be, with their gaily checked silk linings and dainty hoods for use and comfort on the country roads adding considerably to their attractiveness. The tricorne, or Claude Duval, hat in shaggy felt or camel-hair is the favourite form of the motorist at present. Being flat, it offers little resistance to the wind, while it is, at the same time, more becoming than most of the pancake millinery with which we are at present delighting ourselves.

People who write for papers are proverbially those who read least of their fellow-scribblers' effusions, it is admitted. Yet I must confess to a sneaking attachment for my *Truth*, which diverts me from cover to cover every Wednesday, inasmuch as it is always virile, sometimes even valedictory, but never venomous. Still, when my grey-coated friend devotes a paragraph to dress and jewellery in its front pages and at the same time denounces the custom of wearing pearls as follows, "The habit of wearing jewellery of apparently vast value in the daytime is gaining ground. But the fact of a woman wearing a chain of pearls round her neck in no way adds to her charms," I find myself quite at issue with its conclusions.

Pearls are notoriously the most becoming of all jewels and baubles—a fact universally subscribed to nowadays, seeing one hardly passes a woman in the street who does not wear a string of them around her neck. That all are not real goes without saying, but even the imitations



[Copyright.]

BLUE CLOTH TRIMMED WITH BROADTAIL.

are so perfect that it takes an expert to pronounce on such specimens as those produced by the Parisian Diamond Company. Meanwhile those who can afford the real thing are to be envied from afar, for their rarity and value increase with the demand of an appreciative feminine

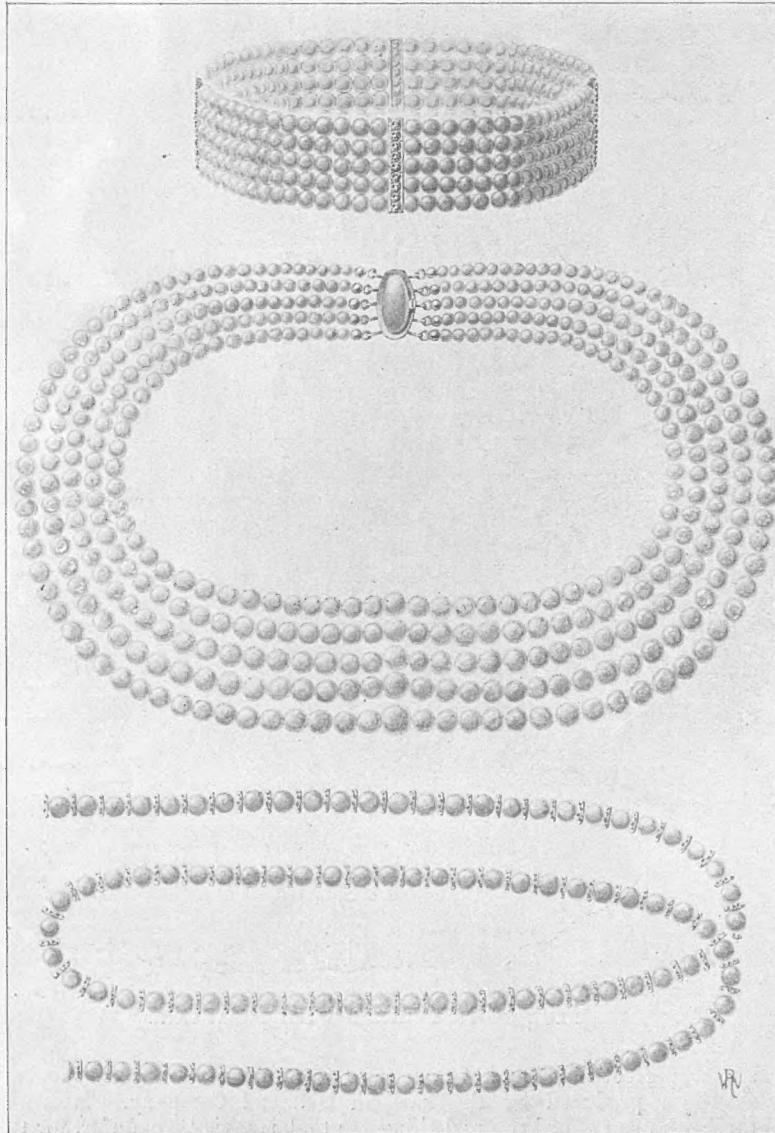
gender, and, as the output in pearls by no means equals that of diamonds or other precious stones, the possession of a collar of fine pearls such as those illustrated on this page means in itself an asset of ever-increasing value to the lucky owner. These sketches have been made, by the way, from important originals at the Association of Diamond Merchants', Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, whose collection of jewellery I had occasion to notice last week.

Added to all the luxury of dress and the jewellery which we have been discussing, the art of the perfumer is also a very chief factor in the "altogether" of a fashionable woman of to-day. Time was when, for obvious reasons, the habits of the eighteenth century rendered the use of strong perfumes imperative. Following which era of unwashed beaux and belles, the use of essences naturally fell into disfavour, and even as recently as mid and early Victorian days the use of "scent" was considered not altogether good form. The days of pungent essences are, however, past, and, as in most other arts, refinement and delicacy are the noticeable features of most modern preparations, more especially those produced by the well-known and highly esteemed firm of J. Grossmith and Son, who have successively invented the world-famous "Phul-Nana," a delicious compound of Indian ingredients; the "Betrothal Bouquet," especially brought out in honour of "Princess May's" engagement to the Duke of York; and lastly, the now worldwide "Florodora" perfume and soap, which are known and used by every modish maid and madam, more or less, in town or out of it. Of course, Messrs. Grossmith are the manufacturers of a very long list of other delicate preparations besides, but the foregoing are especially famous and favourite.

SYBIL.

**"THE WOOING OF GREY EYES."**

In "The Wooing of Grey Eyes," Mr. Ricardo Stephens has collected a number of stories which have, presumably, already received the hospitality of various magazines. The first of these tales is the one from which the volume takes its name, and is almost long enough to be dignified by the title of novelette. It is rather promising in its way, although it is at the same time written in a "slap-dash" manner that is a little irritating. By exhibiting rather more restraint, Mr. Stephens would have done considerably better. However, to that large class of library subscribers who prefer incident to literary style, it will, no doubt, prove welcome enough. Of the other stories included in the book, by far the best is one entitled "Drummer Deas." It is powerfully written and sustains the reader's interest throughout. The book, which is attractively produced, is published by John Murray.



PEARLS AT THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS'.

**STORIES OF BURMAH.\***

**T**HE author of this interesting collection of short stories is a young Irish lady who married Mr. Chan Toon, a Burmese lawyer. Her husband took high honours in English law examinations in 1888, and returned to Burmah with his wife, the first British girl who had married a native. Mrs. Chan Toon has the gift of receiving and conveying vivid impressions of Burmese life. It would, perhaps, be wrong to give her book into the hands of the young person beloved and protected by Messrs. Mudie; life east of Suez, where, if Mr. Kipling is correct, "there ain't no Ten Commandments," cannot be described in every company. Yet, if the author is frank, she is in no wise offensive in her treatment of the many delicate problems that arise in a land where a few Britons direct the affairs of an enormous territory and a race whose faith and ideals are foreign to us. She

has sympathy that embraces the Burmese girl, who spends the best years of her life ministering to the wants of the "Heaven-born," who will desert her when he has leave of absence and marry an English bride; and yet she is quick to realise the hard case of the "Heaven-born" himself, who, like the rest of the world, is neither wholly bad nor wholly good, but is a creature of environment, circumstance, and convention, trying after his kind to lead a fairly reputable life. Through the pages of this book we catch interesting glimpses of a social existence that abounds in unpleasant aspects; the author is not one who sacrifices truth to happy endings. For the most part, her stories are tragedies—sometimes sordid tragedies—but they convey an impression of truth and of fidelity to things seen. Here and there, too, we get tales of silent devotion to uncongenial work in unpleasant surroundings, and in these studies the author rises to the highest point of her achievement, treating the subjects successfully and sympathetically through the difficult medium of the short story. The book has enough physical sunshine; the author does not readily tire of putting Burmah before us—one would welcome a little more moral sunshine and a few better specimens of her own sex. Surely all the ladies who join their husbands in Burmah cannot be as bad as they are painted here. In Rangoon and the outlying villages there must be, at least, some honest, gentle-hearted women who are not allied in thought to the *demi-monde* and who have some thoughts above backbiting and dress. If there are, Mrs. Chan Toon's book is too bitter in its dealings with the fair sex and constitutes a libel upon the ladies of Burmah; if there are not, Burmah must be the last place in the world wherein clean-living, self-respecting men would seek occupation. Mrs. Chan Toon's obvious aversion from her own sex does a great deal to detract from the merits of the book.

B.

**"THE GLOW-WORM."**

"The glow-worm 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire," said the ghost of Hamlet's father, as he finished recounting his most unpleasant experiences at the hands of his brother, adding that then it "shows the matin to be near." Something not altogether unlike that happened to Asenath and Elin in the wilds of Africa, for when the uneffectual fire of their life had paled they realised the nearness of the matin with its dawn of glory. Asenath was a young lady who was troubled with religious doubts and a strong distaste for semolina pudding. She lived in a sort of Humpey Hall in the neighbourhood of Sloane Square, which possibly explains both things without the necessity of a reason, as well as why, for no apparent reason except the all-sufficiently feminine one that she wanted to, she shared her limited income with a woman for whom, in the days of her childhood, she had entertained the passion which only very young people feel. Asenath was also a very up-to-date young lady who dabbled in journalism and thought no work was beneath her—neither the "Health Column," nor the "Social Items," nor the "Domestic Pets," so they sent her to interview a Countess who, incidentally, was also her aunt. In due course, she became a beauty, a celebrity, and married the man she loved. Then she found she loved somebody else whom she had known all her life and who had given her every opportunity of finding it out before. It was not all so bad as it seemed might have been, for, since they could not live together, they did the next best thing, and died together, and so were presumably happy ever after. Miss May Bateman is a clever woman whose cleverness will be more realised by the public when she lets the momentum of the story carry itself and her readers along without the frequent breaks which occur. The book, however, has great merits, and is published by Mr. Heinemann.

\* "Under Eastern Skies." By "Mimosa." Rangoon: The Hauthawaddy Press, 1901.

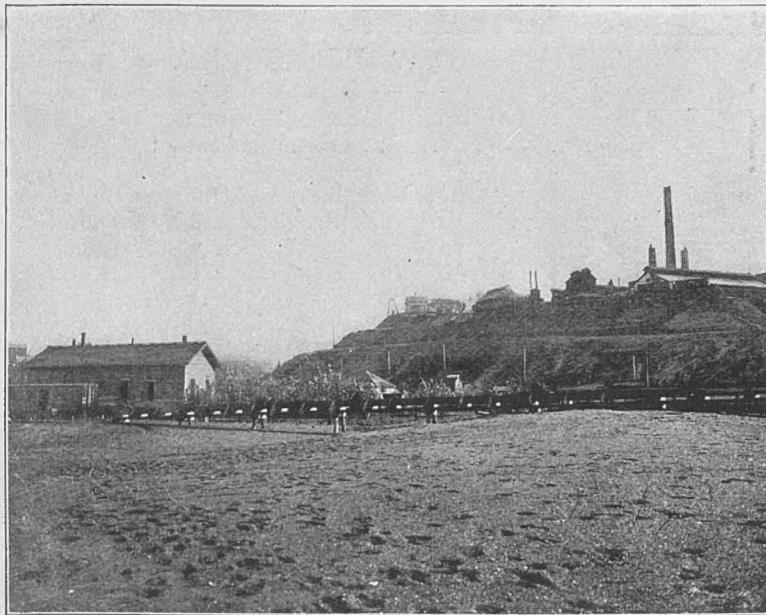
## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on November 11.*

## THE MONEY MARKET.

**T**HE rise in the Bank Rate to 4 per cent. was somewhat unexpected, although many people were prepared for a half per cent. increase.

On the whole, however, it is now recognised that to make one bite of the cherry was probably the best policy. The markets have been (as they are likely to remain) very stagnant. Some of the outside touts continue to waste postage-stamps on circulars, and brokers try to



SMEETER AT THE HALL MINES, NELSON, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

keep cheerful faces, but there is really no business in any department of the Stock Exchange. A belated company advertises its prospectus now and again, but most promoters have come to recognise the wisdom of Kipling's maxim that "to importune the wise out of season is to invite calamity," and the underwriters of concerns like the Smelting and Refining Company of Australia will probably have painful experience of its truth. If we held Kodak shares, we should take the cash rather than become a shareholder in the American concern, while the proposals of the Newman Investment Syndicate, which is formed to take advantage of the present market-price of Jungle shares, would have very little chance of our support.

## JOINT-STOCK COMPANY LAW.

Since the Courts opened, on Oct. 24, quite a number of interesting cases have been decided, some of them of considerable importance to shareholders. In *Henderson v. Bateman*, Mr. Justice Grantham held that to accept the office of Trustee for Debenture-holders and in that capacity to appear upon a prospectus does not bring the person within the Directors' Liability Act of 1890. It is curious that for ten years there has been no decided case upon the point, but the law appears now to have been cleared up. It is, however, very possible that the case may go higher. The Directors of the Cycle Manufacturers' Tube Company (a production of Mr. Hooley's fertile brain) have learnt to their cost that to advertise a number of orders, and to forget to add that they were obtained by the promoter giving shares in the Company to the various firms whose orders were paraded, is enough to make them jointly and severally liable to return the subscribers' money, and, thanks to Mr. Barker's efforts, a good many people will get their losses back.

The London and Globe has passed into the hands of the Official Receiver, and in a few weeks a most interesting report may be expected. When the smash came, we in these columns urged the creditors and shareholders to have a compulsory winding-up, but in those days they would not listen to the voice of reason, and now we fear that it is too late to expect any pecuniary benefit from the order. All the mischief that a voluntary liquidation could do has already been done, or we are greatly mistaken.

The iniquitous scheme of the Barrow Haematite Company for the reduction of capital by, in effect, depriving the Preference shareholders of half their promised dividend, has been finally killed by the Court of Appeal, and we cannot help thinking great praise ought to be given to the Committee of Shareholders and their legal advisers who have so ably managed the defence of their fellow-shareholders' interests.

## SOME MISCELLANEOUS INVESTMENTS.

With a 4 per cent. Bank Rate, it is fair to suppose that some of the second-grade investments paying a comparatively low rate of interest will have to take a rest for a time. And one of those which is not likely to further improve in price is Gas Light and Coke Ordinary, in which a large amount of business is now being transacted, and at rising prices. Speculators who have bought for increase in capital value should

not expect much while dear money holds the field, although those who have bought the stock at about the current price for investment pure and simple need not trouble to sell. No further advance, however, is to be looked for at present. Another active market of somewhat similar kind is that for London and India Dock stocks, which are also luxuriating in sharp rises all round. Here the case is different to the Gas security, and the Deferred stock, even at 35 or 36, is a very hopeful speculative investment. The seeker of 5 per cent. with good security should pick up Eastern Extension Telegraph shares or Eastern Telegraph Ordinary stock, both of which are now yielding the round amount we have mentioned. Another speculation of the hopeful order is Leopoldina Railway shares, standing between 5*1*/*2* and 5*1*/*4*. Now that the line is doing so well, the shares have every prospect of improving upon their recent rise. Hardening money may perhaps restrain any immediate jump in the things we have recommended, but they can be safely bought to put away for a sunnier day.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

It speaks well for the thrift and tenacity of life of members of the Stock Exchange—the fact that nobody has died of starvation just lately. We shall, no doubt, have many cases of decease through destitution and hunger in the coming winter, but, so far, we have drawn our belts a little tighter and posted our withdrawal-notices to the Post Office Savings Bank with fearful frequency. Brokers are not paying their office-expenses, and jobbers come to town with the all but certain knowledge that, if they should by chance do a bargain, they will lose money in the undoing thereof. But, still, we are the servants of the public just as much as the newspaper-boys and other journalists, the bus-drivers and the "Tube" conductors, and, for the sake of the public, we valiantly wend our way to Capel Court on those few days which are not set aside as holidays. Truly is the British workman the Patron Saint of the Stock Exchange! To his gentle influence do we owe, for instance, our holiday next Saturday—birthday of the King and Lord Mayor's Show Day. Considering that Sir Joseph Dimsdale, the banker, is the new Lord Mayor, we shall eagerly anticipate some varieties in the shape of cars. One will, no doubt, be fixed up as a Bank Parlour; another should show the Stock Exchange Committee lunching at the expense of their fellow-members, while a third might represent the financial Press. But, no; let us hope to be spared that last!

In passing from the sublime to the degraded, West Africans naturally claim first attention. The pessimistic scribes who from the outset condemned the market are all in high feather, but that doesn't help those who are left in the Jungle and wonder what they ought to do after the severe shake-out. To such I would unhesitatingly say, wait. Even those who bought rubbish shares at rubbish prices need not despair. From the way in which some people talk, one might think that the West African Market was going to fall through the floor of the Stock Exchange and be swallowed up for ever. The clever persons who talk Wassau to five-and-sixpence and Amalgamated to the price of a magnum of champagne at a Covent Garden Ball have their own axes to grind. You may turn round and say that, because I personally have not a pennyworth of interest in Jungle shares, therefore I am unable to form any opinion. Very well. Those who maintain that an impartial attitude gives one the best right to voice an opinion may listen to my modest assertion that the Jungle will right itself in time. The jugglers tried to do in six months what could not be done under half as many years, and that the result has been disastrous is nothing but one more precedent to add to those others which all the mining markets have furnished in their early, premature stages. Time heals prices, as it does a few other things, and those who can take up West Africans to wait for brighter days should do so. Carrying-over makes the heart almost as sick as Brighton Deferred does.

Yankees are a curious market altogether. The Account in them on this side grows ever more and more microscopic, but yet the jobbers manage to do more, or rather, less few, bargains than their brethren in other parts of the House. New York is, on balance, a persistent buyer. London, with a most equal persistency, sells on balance. And prices rise. Their highest altitudes of this wonderful year they will probably not see again for many a day, but methinks the market must end and will improve ere the decay sets in. Of course, the monetary situation has a lot to do with the ebb and flow of prices, and that situation it is extremely difficult to gauge. It is perfectly possible that New York may suddenly find itself face to face with money at that 8 per cent. level to which the House humorists are talking our Bank Rate before Christmas. In that event, Yankees would probably topple heavily, but there are so many American interests involved in maintaining prices that, with all its admitted artificiality, my belief is that we shall have things better still all round the Yankee Market. New York appears to be positively insatiable for stock, and, though the reaction is bound to come, I cannot see it yet. But it is an awfully difficult market to "read," and what am I that my



ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY: HAZEL PEAK AND VICTORIA GLACIER, IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

*Photo by Notman, Montreal.*

opinions may not be wrong? I am not the confidential tipster to a Sunday paper, you know.

Talking about reading reminds me of our new Room for the latter purpose. It is a miserable, insignificant little affair, the new Chamber, as compared with the noble Chamber to which we have been accustomed and which I have described aforesomes in *The Sketch*. We are well provided with financial literature in the House—daily, weekly, inland, foreign, Colonial and American, all find a place on our table and walls. I understand that there is a movement on foot for the presentation of a gigantic petition to the Committee praying that body to place *The Sk.* . . .—I will not mention names, but it is a certain familiar weekly—on the table of the Reading-Room. Needless to say, we do read other things besides the financial rubbish that has to be waded through week in, week out. The Stock Exchange bookshop in Old Broad Street does a roaring trade all the year round, and novels take the lead far and away above all other classes of reading purveyed therein. After novels, books on sport are mostly in demand, as one might well have guessed. The class next in request nobody will guess, and I feel I am exploding a bomb over the world in announcing that the Stock Exchange reads deeply works on Art! Who then shall dare to scoff at the artless prattle of members of the House? In the magazine line, the House devours a fairly equal quantity of the *Strand*, *Pearson's*, and the *Windsor*, while, as regards monthlies of the more solid type, none enjoys so devoted a following as the A.B.C. Time-tables.

Some little signs of resuscitation are being shown by the Home Railway Market, and the newspapers get fiery hot over something less than a 10 per cent. bear squeeze in "Brums." It is really funny to notice how much trouble some good people take to account for a perfectly natural incident. Home Railway Ordinary stocks are not much to my fancy for the moment. The Debenture descriptions yield just about 3 per cent., some little more, some a little less, and the Preferences can be bought to return a florin or so more. Why on earth people want to buy such things when they can get strict Trust Colonials to pay them 3½ per cent. is a thing which entirely passes the feeble understanding of THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

#### BROKEN HILLS.

In our issue of Oct. 23, our correspondent at Broken Hill alluded to a new discovery which promised great things in the way of cheapening the cost of production. He has now sent us a letter dealing with the subject, but we fear it is too technical for reproduction in our columns. The matter is of so much importance not only to the Broken Hill Mines, but also to the silver-mining industry all over the world, that we will briefly summarise what our correspondent says. The discovery consists of a new chemical process for the desulphurisation of the ores, which owes its origin to Messrs. Carmichael and Bradford, two employés of the Proprietary Company, and its object is to make possible the smelting of sulphide ores without the expensive and tedious process of roasting.

Everybody knows that the great difficulty of smelting sulphide ores—in silver-mining, generally galena carrying silver—has been to prepare them (by desulphurisation) for the furnace, and that until now the only feasible plan has been to roast the crude ores. Messrs. Carmichael and Bradford bring the sulphide ores into a smeltalbe condition by mixing them with a suitable proportion of calcium sulphate or gypsum, and submitting the mixture in a converter to the action of a current of air; by which means sulphate of lead and sulphide of calcium are produced. By various chemical changes which take place, the contents of the converter in the end become metallic oxide and plumbate of calcium, and can be removed and treated in an ordinary blast-furnace.

A trial plant is to be at once erected at the Proprietary Mine, and our correspondent has no doubt that the Broken Hill sulphides will prove highly profitable at from £12 10s. to £13 a ton. If this should prove the result of Messrs. Carmichael and Bradford's labours, the life of the whole silver-field may be considered indefinitely prolonged, for the amount of sulphide ore at Broken Hill is, for all practical purposes, unlimited.

Our correspondent adds that the British Company has struck a fine body of ore at Howell's shaft at 500 feet, over 15 feet in width, and all first-class stuff, and that there is every prospect of the Consols Mine again getting a rich chute of ore. In his opinion, the prospects of the Consols "are of the best."

Saturday, Nov. 2, 1901.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*Correspondents must observe the following rules—*

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. W.—The following list should suit you: (1) South Metropolitan Gas stock; (2) Imperial Continental Gas stock; (3) *Lady's Pictorial* Preference shares; (4) Industrial and General Trust Unified stock; (5) Interceanic of Mexico

Railway Prior Lien Bonds; (6) Leopoldina Debenture stock; (7) Illinois Central Railway Gold Bonds; (8) Louisville and Nashville Railway First Mortgage Trust Bonds; (9) Grand Trunk Railway Guaranteed stock; (10) City of Dunedin 5 per cent. or 6 per cent. Bonds; (11) City of Wellington Waterworks Bonds or City of Auckland 1930 6 per cent. Bonds; (12) Egyptian State Domain Loan. In the above list we have looked to security of income above all things, and, all round, they will average you about 4½ per cent. See also this week's Notes.

H. R.—The two Rhodesian concerns are among the best of their kind, but we do not see much prospect of a rise in the present state of the markets and South African affairs.

P. S.—We only write private answers in accordance with Rule 5. Presuming you bought Coats Ordinary for investment purposes, there is no reason to sell. As to Randfonteins, everything depends on the course of events in South Africa. You can judge as well as we can of the chances. Peace would mean that you would probably get your money back.

#### A FINE, ROMANTIC STORY.

M R. A. E. W. MASON made his first bow to the public, if I mistake not, as an actor, but he soon abandoned the stage for literature, in which, as everybody knows, he has won very considerable distinction. The first book of his to attract general attention was "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," and his best, so far, perhaps, has been "Miranda of the Balcony." His "Parson Kelly," written in collaboration with the veteran and versatile Andrew Lang, was in its way an achievement. "Clementina," a novel of his just published by Messrs. Methuen, will certainly not lessen his reputation, if it does not add to it. All lovers of a fine, romantic tale, full of colour and movement, of blood-shedding, of love-making, of romantic incident, will thoroughly enjoy it.

The "time" of the romance is 1719. Charged with a mission to select a wife for his King, who was, in truth, no King at all, but the Chevalier de St. George, otherwise the Pretender to the English Throne, his trusty follower Wogan had vainly travelled from Court to Court seeking for a Princess a marriage with whom would advance the Jacobite interest in Europe. At last, he went to the Palace of Ohlau, in Silesia, and there he saw, in the dusk of the evening, a girl in a riding-dress, with a frank, sweet face, standing by the blazing wood-fire in the huge chimney of a great stone hall. The fire-light struck upwards on her face, and, no doubt in the world, the maid was a pretty picture. This is the fit mate for James, Wogan's King; she is the Princess Clementina, daughter of the King of Poland and a cousin of the Emperor. "She was the chosen woman!" The Princess was not unwilling, but great personages would be against the union; and when the proposed alliance gets to be known, they intervere, and intervene effectually, thanks to the tardiness of a certain Sir John Hay.

The Princess, humiliated, returns to Silesia, and thither Wogan travels once more, to make suit to her on behalf of his master. He prevails upon her to accompany him to Italy; he is escorting her to his King, but on the way the Princess and the courtier fall in love with each other. This is the heart and marrow of Mr. Mason's story. And now I have said enough about it. Perhaps the finest passage in the book is that on page 185, beginning: "I am the Lord and King of a city of dreams. . . . I have a notion," says Wogan to Clementina, "that the lady I shall marry will come riding some sunrise on my black horse across the plain and into my city of dreams. And she has not." The last four words outline the tragedy of the book. Get it. *Verba sap.*

#### IBSEN'S "NORA" IN BERLIN.

The "Residenz-Theater" is the chief attraction in the theatrical world this week (writes a Berlin Correspondent). A Scandinavian theatrical company is there giving Ibsen's well-known play, "Nora," partly in Danish and partly in Swedish. The fact that the language is understood by the merest minority makes but little difference, for the play is so thoroughly well known to all. Frau Betty Hennings, the celebrated Danish actress, plays the part of Nora to the unbounded satisfaction of all, while Johannes Nielsen takes the rôle of Helmar. The critics seem to find fault in rather an unnecessarily cruel manner with Frau Hennings' age. It is true she has played the part very often and for many years, but that does not prevent her from impersonating it with the greatest perfection and accuracy. I may mention the fact that Ibsen telegraphed to Frau Hennings his warmest congratulations on her acting. Some of the most biting criticisms that I have noticed of late are directed this week against an attempt to start a new theatre in one of the suburbs of Berlin—a theatre called the "Freies Theater." It certainly seems quite a mad venture to start a theatre four miles away from the Capital, and, too, in a hotel, as is the case in the suburb of Friedenau. The prices, moreover, are as high as those in the best of the Berlin theatres. Both the piece acted and the talents displayed by the actors were of the class called mediocre.

As we are going to press, Messrs. Harrison and Maude inform me that the title of Mr. Sydney Grundy's new play will be "Frocks and Frills," and that it will be produced at the Haymarket in about three weeks from now. Mr. Maude and Mrs. Maude (Miss Winifred Emery) have fine characters; but, indeed, the parts seem all good. It is going to be a very interesting production.